THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1803.

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Embellished with I. Digging the Fox, a Finished Engraving by Scott, from a Painting of the Younger Sartorius. II. Horse on Travel, from a Design of Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham. Etched by Bell.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Ramble to Cutherstone Lodge, Buncombe Covers, &c. is unavoidably postponed till next month.

A very pertinent Answer to the Ghost of Glider, by Clytus, owing to an accident, must also stand over for next number.

W. we hope, will accept an Apology for the present omission of his Observations on Sporting Vanity, which shall appear in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Sartorious pinx.t   Scott sc.

Digging the Fox.

Pub. Jan. 1 1804, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR DECEMBER, 1803.

DIGGING THE FOX.

A Finished Engraving by Scott, from a Painting of the Younger Sartorius.

THIS Plate we give as the last but one of the set of Fox-hunting subjects, now drawing near their conclusion. Those already given have received much praise; and we trust, this will not pass without an equal degree of commendation.

A MATCH
BETWEEN
SIR ROBERT L. MURRAY,
AND
CAPTAIN SMITH.

A DISPUTE having arisen between these gentlemen as to the match some time ago made, for each of them to drive his curricle and pair of horses, from London to Bath, and back again, *without a whip, or any substitute for one*, it has been agreed on, to start again in the course of the month of February, a week's notice to be given on each side; Capt. Smith asserting, that Sir Robert won the match, in consequence of some gentlemen who attended him, having several times struck his horses during the night, directly contrary to the original agreement; but Sir Robert denying this, the umpires have decided the match to be again drove. The wager is for 500 guineas, p. p. who performs the distance in the shortest time.

On the former occasion, Captain Smith performed the journey as follows:—He started from Hyde-Park turnpike, at two o'clock in the morning of the 8th of January, and arrived at Maidenhead, at twenty-eight minutes after five; remained there till five minutes before seven, started, and arrived at Theal, at thirty-six minutes past nine; started at twelve, arrived at Spleenhill, at twenty-five minutes past one; started at three, arrived at Malborough at eighteen minutes past five; started at nine, arrived at Chippenham at eleven minutes past twelve. On the morning of the ninth, started at three, arrived at Pickwick, Bath, precisely at forty minutes past four; remained there till twelve, started, and arrived at

 Calne

Calne at twenty-three minutes past three; started at seven, arrived at Hungerford at fourteen minutes past eleven; remained there till six in the morning of the tenth, started, and arrived at Thatcham at fifty minutes past seven; remained till a quarter past ten, arrived at Reading at twenty-three minutes past twelve, started at four, arrived at Salthill, at fifty-seven minutes past five; remained till half past six, started and arrived at Hounslow, at five minutes past eight; started at half past nine, and arrived at Hyde-Park turnpike at ten minutes past eight: going the distance 214 miles in seventy-three hours and ten minutes, stoppings included.

Sir Robert Murray, performed the same journey on the 17th, 18th, and 19th, in rather more than sixty-eight hours, with great ease. The expedition of these gentlemen is not extraordinary, but the want of the whip was severely felt by both of them, particularly during the night, and where the roads were deep. Much money is depending on the event of the next match.

YORK OATLANDS, 1804.

SATURDAY before the next August Meeting.—Handicap Sweepstakes of Fifty Guineas each, half forfeit.—Three miles.

	st	lb
Pipator	8	7
Saxoni	8	6
Doncaster	8	5
Macmanus	8	4
Walnut, Bourdeaux	8	4
Maltonian	8	4
King Fergus, Rosamond	8	3
Ducat	8	3
Ormond, Driver's dam	8	2
Susan	8	2
Brother to Stamford	8	2
Allan	8	2
Transit	8	1
Adam	8	0
Starling	8	0
Little Joey	8	0
Theophania	8	0
Star Colt, Pontac	7	13
Sir Harry Dimsdale	7	13
Cockspinner	7	13
Rebecca	7	13
Discussor	7	12
Handmaid	7	10

The acceptance of the above to be delivered to Mr. E. W. Rhodes, at York, on or before the 20th of January 1804.—No acceptance no forfeit.

SATURDAY in the next August Meeting. — A Handicap Sweepstakes of Fifty Guineas each, half forfeit.—Four miles.

	st	lb
Cockfighter	8	10
Haphazard	8	10
Chance	8	10
Marcia	8	8
Quiz	8	6
Alonzo	8	4
Lenox	8	4
Thornville Royal	8	3
Stockton	8	3
Duxbury	8	3
Bagsman	8	2
Orville	8	2
Walton	8	1
Dapple	8	0
Fieldfare	8	0
Primrose	7	12
Alexander, Fairy	7	10
Tooee	7	10
Blue Devil	7	10
Cinnamon	7	9
Traveller, Faith	7	8
Pipylin	7	6
Spitfire	7	6
Brandon	7	6
Beningbrough, G. Lock's	7	5
Sparrowhawk	7	4
Liquorice	7	4
Walnut, dam by Javelin	7	2

The acceptance of the above to be delivered to Mr. E. W. Rhodes, at York, on or before the 20th of January, 1804.—No acceptance no forfeit.

NEWMARKET.

NEWMARKET.

OATLANDS' STAKES, 1804.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each h. ft. if declared on or before thr 31st inst. To be run for on Tuesday, in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1804, D. I. If there should be sixteen subscribers or more, after the 10gs. forfeits are declared, the stakes are to be divided, and two classes formed to run on Tuesday and Wednesday in the same meeting; and if twenty-four subscribers, or more, after the 10gs. forfeits are declared, the stakes are to be divided, and three classes formed; the first to run on Monday, the second on Tuesday, and the third on Wednesday, in the same meeting.

	st	lb
Driver	9	4
Quiz	9	3
Penelope	9	1
Highland Fling	9	1
Lignum Vitæ	8	12
Anniseed	8	12
Revenge	8	12
Giles	8	12
Slap-bang	8	10
Allegranti	8	10
Surprise	8	10
Trombone	8	10
Maidstone	8	10
Walton	8	10
Brighton	8	7
Orlando	8	7
Clifton	8	5
Chippenham	8	5
Whirligig	8	5
Informer	8	3
Young Eclipse	8	3
Enchanter, by Pot8o's	8	3
Strathspey	8	0
Flambeau	7	11
Harefoot	7	10
Gulliver	7	10
Parasol	7	10
Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. c. by John Bull, out of Trumpetor	7	9
Malta	7	8
Macmanus	7	5
Ld F. G. Osborne's c. by Sir Peter, out of Betsey	6	12
Tulipson	6	12
Blemished Boy	6	12
Buss, by John Bull, out of Kiss my Lady	6	12
Cesario	6	9
Little John	6	4
Mr. Warrington's b. c. by a Brother to Repeater	6	12

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES IN *Great Britain, in the Year 1803, with their Sires, Dams, &c.*

GOT BY ABBA THULE, SON OF YOUNG MARSK.

MR. MELLISH's ches. gelding, six years old, won the Hunters' stakes of 70gs at Richmond.

2. Clifton, late Grinder, six yrs. old, Mr. Adams's, won 90gs at Warwick, L.82: 10s. at Shrewsbury, and 85gs at Oswestry.

BY ACASIA, SON OF TURF.

1. Lismahago, late Le Superb, four years old, Mr. Clifton's, and sold to the Hon. Mr Coventry, won two fifties at Ludlow, two fifties at Worcester, two fifties at Hereford, one fifty at Tewkesbury, and two fifties at Leicester.

BY ALEXANDER, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Bay horse, five years old, Sir W. W. Wynn's, won 60gs at Preston, and a silver cup value L.50 at Oswestry.

2. Fair Forester, five years old, Mr. Ackers's, won L.50 at Chester.

3. Pyrrhus,

3. Pyrrhus, five years old, Mr. Kellermann's, won L.50 at Bibury.

BY APOLLO, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Apollo, six years old, Mr. Douglas's, won 115gs, the gold cup value 100gs, with 80gs added, and a forfeit of 12½gs, at Kingscote.

BY ASPARAGUS, SON OF POT8O'S

1. Two Shoes, two years old, General Grosvenor's, won 50gs at Newmarket.

BY BENINGBROUGH, SON OF KING FERGUS.

1. Ashton, four years old, Sir W. W. Wynn's, won 100gs at Manchester, 50gs at Bibury, 110gs, 80gs, and L.50 at Knutsford; likewise L.102:10s at Richmond.

2. Bay filly, four years old, Mr. H. Pierse's, won L.50 at Catterick-Bridge.

3. Bay filly, three years old, Lord Belhaven's, won L.50 at Carlisle, L.50 at Lamberton, and L.50 at Penrith.

4. Brandon, four years old, Lord Belhaven's, won the King's plate at Carlisle, also the King's plate and two fifties at Edinburgh, and two fifties at Kelso.

5. Cantata, three years old, Mr. Stevenson's, won 60gs at South Shields.

6. Earl of Chester, four years old, Mr. Graham's, won L.50 at Newcastle-under-Lyne, L.50 at Knighton, and a 10gs premium at Walsall.

7. Flocton, three years old, Mr. C. Norton's, won 100gs, and 20gs, at Newmarket.

8. Grey filly, three years old, Mr. Watson's, received 50gs at Newmarket.

9. Harefoot, four years old, Mr. Wardell's, the first class of the Oatlands' stakes of 400gs, and twice 100gs, at Newmarket.

10. Maidstone, late Peter, four years old, Mr. Durand's, the King's plates at Guildford and Lewes, also 120gs and the King's plate at Canterbury.

11. Orville, four years old, Lord Fitzwilliam's, won the L.100 plate at Doncaster.

12. Skyblue, three years old, Mr. St. Quintin's, won L.50 at Richmond.

13. Strap, three years old, Mr. W. Lee's, won 120gs at Beverley, and 120gs at Pontefract.

14. Transit, three years old, Sir H. Williamson's, won L.50 at Newcastle.

15. Twizzleber, four years old, Sir T. Gascoigne's, won a piece of plate value L.50, at Chester, and 900gs at York.

BY BUZZARD, SON OF WOODPECKER.

1. Bos, two years old, Mr. Howorth's, won twice 25gs at Newmarket.

2. Brainworm, two years old, Mr. F. Neale's, won 180gs at Newmarket.

3. Bustard, two years old, Mr. Ladbroke's, won 770gs at Brighton.

4. Dick, three years old, Mr. C. Wilson's, won the gold cup, value 100gs, at Boroughbridge.

5. Dollololla, alias Miss Bailey, three years old, Sir John Lawson's, and sold to Mr. Howorth, won 190gs at York, 220gs at Doncaster, and 25gs at Newmaaket.

6. Dotterel, five years old, Mr. Scrope's, won 50gs at Maddington, 60gs at Stockbridge, and L.50 at Blandford.

7. Dreadnough, three years old, Mr. Watson's, won 50gs at Newmarket.

8. Gift, three years old, Lord Sondes's, won L.50 at Canterbury.

9. Jack

9. Jack of the Green, three years old, Mr. Wrixon's, won 200gs at Cardiff, and L.50 at Carmarthen

10. Lingcropper, first called Fawkes, five years old, Mr. Atkinson's, won L.50 at Chesterfield.

11. Malta, five years old, Mr. Howorth's, won 100gs, 25gs, and 50gs, at Newmarket.

12. Merryman, two years old, Mr. C. Wilson's, won 50gs, 50gs, L.50, 25gs, and 50gs, at Newmarket.

13. Peggy, two years old, Mr. C. Wilson's, won 25gs and 50gs at Newmarket.

14. Pet, seven years old, Mr. W. Chippendale's, won 50gs at Doncaster.

15. Quiz, five years old, Mr. Dawson's, won a match of 1000gs, the second class of the Oatlands' stakes of 450gs, L.50, 50gs, and 80gs, at Newmarket; also the gold cup value 100gs, with 50gs added, at Brocket-Hall.

16. Ringtail, two years old, Lord Stawell's, won the July stakes of 410gs at Newmarket, a forfeit of 50gs at Brighton, and won 275gs at Egham.

17. Rosebud, three years old, Mr. Lamb's, won 50gs, 80gs, and L.50, at Brocket-Hall.

18. Sparrowhawk, four years old, Lord Fitzwilliam's, won 80gs at Malton.

19. Surprise, six years old, Mr. C. Wilson's, won 80gs, 100gs, 50gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

20. Tango, four years old, Col. Kingscote's, won 25gs at Bibury, two fifty pounds at Swansea, and two fifty pounds at Haverfordwest.

21. Tooee, four years old, Sir T. Gascoigne's, won two fifty pounds at Chester, L.50 at York Spring Meeting, L.50 at York August Meeting, and the King's plate, called the Hambleton Guineas, for five year old mares, at Richmond.

BY CALOMEL, SON OF MERCURY.

1. Little John, three years old, Mr. Abbey's, won L.82 : 10s at Abingdon.

BY CAVENDISH, SON OF YOUNG MORWICK.

1. Peter, Mr. Mellish's, won 200gs at York.

BY CITIZEN, SON OF PACOLET.

1. Citizen, six years old, Mr. Smith's, won L.50 at Manchester.

2. Dapple, seven years old, Mr. Smith's, won the King's plate at Nottingham.

3. Manchester, five years old, Mr. Smith's, won 60gs at Manchester, and L.50 at Newton.

BY COMET, SON OF PHÆNOMENON.

1. Collier, six years old, Sir W. Gerard's, won L.50 at Preston.

2. Grey Mare, Mr. Baillie's, won L.50 at Kelso.

BY CONSTITUTION, SON OF DRONE.

1. Adam, three years old, Mr. T. Hutchinson's, won L.50 at Durham.

BY CORIANDER, SON OF POT8O'S.

1. Cinnamon, six years old, Hon. L. Saville's, received the stakes of 30gs for the second-best horse for the L.70. plate at Doncaster.

2. Little Joey, three years old, Mr. Mellish's, won 100gs at York, L.70, and L.50 at Doncaster.

3. Macmanus, three years old, Mr. Dawson's, won 130gs at York.

4. Martin, six years old, Mr. Garforth's, won the King's plate for mares, at Newmarket, the Ladies' plate

plate at York, the Doncaster stakes of 150gs at Doncaster, and the King's plate, given to the Caledonian-Hunt at Kelso.

5. Spice, five years old, Mr. Villebois's, won 25gs at Maddington.

BY DELPINI, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Confessor, seven years old, Mr. Trotter's, won 55gs at Richmond.

2. Knutsford, five years old, Sir W. W. Wynn's, won the two Annual plates at Farndon.

3. Lenox, five years old, Sir T. Gascoigne's, won the stakes of 100gs for all ages, and the Stand plate of L.50 at York spring meeting.

4. Scotia, four years old, Mr. Wastell's, received 30gs forfeit at Newmarket.

5. Saxoni, three years old, Mr. G. Hutton's, won a stakes of 140gs, and the L.50 plate at Preston, also a stakes of 120gs, and the gold cup, value 100gs, with 30gs added, at Richmond.

6. Theophania, three years old, Sir T. Gascoigne's, won the Oaks' stakes of 875gs at Epsom.

BY DIOMED, SON OF FLORIZEL.

1. Little Robin Redbreast, six years old, Mr. Benton's, won the Hunters' stakes of 95gs at Northampton.

BY DRAGON, SON OF WOODPECKER.

1. Creeper, four years old, Mr. Howard's, won 200gs, 85gs, and L.50 at Newmarket.

2. Moses, seven years old, Col. Acklom's, afterwards Lord Home's, walked over for 60gs at Beverley, and won 50 guineas at Lamberton, also 50gs at Edinburgh.

3. Jenny Spinner, six years old, Mr. Coventry's, won twice 100gs at Worcester, and L.50 at Hereford.

(To be continued.)

COURSING MEETING.

ASHDOWN PARK—Nov. 14, 1803.

For the Cup and Couples.

MR. CORCELLIS'S Celerity, beat Mr. Dundas's Dulce.

Mr. Thornhill's Rosemary, beat Mr. Pickering's Charm, 2 c. 1 und.

Mr. Bacon's Port, beat Mr. G. Wyld's Wousky, 2 c. 1 und.

Mr. Kennet's Fly, beat Mr. Bullock's y. Plunder.

Col. Stead's Cestus, beat Mr. Hallett's Pilgrim.

Mr. Wroughton's Tacker, beat Mr. Goodlake's Gawkey, 2 c. 1 und.

Mr. Woolrych's William, beat Lord Rivers's Pizarro, 2 c. 1 und.

Mr. Noble's Portia, beat Sir J. Throckmorton's Nettle.

Winners Matched again.

Mr. Noble's Portia, beat Mr. Kennet's Fly.

Mr. Wroughton's Tacker, beat Mr. Bacon's Port.

Mr. Woolrych's William, beat Mr. Corcelli's Celerity.

Mr. Thornhill's Rosemary, beat Col. Stead's Cestus.

Winners Matched again.

Mr. Noble's Portia won by a toss, against Mr. Thornhill's Rosemary, 1 c. und.

Mr. Woolrych's William, beat Mr. Wroughton's Tacker.

Portia won the cup, and William the couples, after two courses, one undecided.

N. B. Those dogs whose names begin with P. belonged to Lord Rivers, although nominated by other members; those beginning with C. to Mr. Corcellis; those with W. to Mr. Woolrych—No matches were run.

CHIFNEY's

CHIFNEY'S PROPOSED WORK, OF GENIUS GENUINE.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU stand highly entitled to the thanks of your sporting friends, for the concise and candid communication of "Samuel Chifney and his book;" and although you did not presume to anticipate what he might have to offer in his proposed publication, I shall with your permission, as some gratification to the expectancies of the sporting world at large, enter upon a critical analization of the sublime and singular advertisement so confidentially announced; as well as a most impartial anticipation of the theoretic embryo of "Genius Genuine," which has to all present appearance suffered by abortion, without any chance of the cause being hereafter brought to light. Previous to which investigation, it becomes directly applicable to observe, the avowed author of this intended, or pretended work, was initiated from his infancy in all the arts and secrets of the turf, so as to attain the greatest celebrity, and finally to become the racing confident and jockey of the most exalted subject in the kingdom. And it is fresh in the memory of every experienced sportsman, that on Thursday the 20th of October, 1791, he rode Escape at Newmarket, with the odds two to one in his favour, against Coriander, Skylark, and Pipator, and was not only last of the four, but to the eye of every amateur seemed completely beaten. In a state of repentant surprise, and anxious ambiguity, remained those who had largely lost their money, until the day following; when starting for the subscription, and carrying nine pounds more weight than the day preceding, with the odds of four and five to one against him, he went off at score, and beat easy, Chanticleer, Skylark, Grey Diomed, Harpator, and Alderman, to the inexpressible astonishment of the oldest and most distinguished members of the turf. The suggestions, suspicions, rumours, reports, and opinions, upon causes and effects, were echoed and re-echoed from one end of the sporting world to the other; and murmuring accusations were obliquely reverberated for a great length of time, before the flame of discontent was even in a moderate degree extinguished. And as the matter has hitherto remained in an imaginary state of secrecy, nothing certain has transpired upon the subject to constitute general satisfaction; but that one of the shrewd stable-lads at Newmarket, famous for getting into family secrets, will not relinquish his idea, that the horse accidentally brought his mouth into contact with a bottle of liquid laudanum, kept in the stable for occasional emergencies, in the night preceding the first day of running; from whence proceeded a temporary debility and bodily lassitude, which afterwards proved to be so speedily shaken off and obliterated. In addition to this ray of retrospection, may be introduced another; which is, that some few years since, a similar publication, to what has been now promised, was exultingly announced on the same subject, but never appeared; whether its temporary suppression was the effect of pecuniary injunction, or legal interposition, may probably never be publicly ascertained, nor is it at this distance of time much to the purpose.

Returning to the "Genuine Genius" of Samuel Chifney, according

to the prospectus held out, "containing a fine part in riding a race, known only to the author." There can be but little doubt from his long experience, he has obtained an unsullied proficiency, in every art necessary to preserve the dignity, honour, purity, and liberality of the turf; yet, this acquisition of fine parts, amidst all the former splendour, and the very zenith of his celebrity, has not been sufficient to shield him from sublunary vicissitudes; and he may probably at the present moment feelingly experience the personal mortification, that "thousands of myriads wait upon the summer's sun, which shrink and vanish with a wintry blast." In this refined effusion of genius, he has also promised the reason, "why the turf horses degenerate;" whether he means to elucidate this degeneracy, by scientific disquisition upon the animal economy, its secretions and evacuations; or to treat the subject metaphorically, by an allusion to the gradational degeneracy of their riders, the publication upon its appearance can only ascertain.

"Twelve years ago—he emphatically observes—the author would not have given the aggregate of information to any one person about horses, for one thousand guineas;" it may be so, but most probably, if so curious and so important a publication was to appear, it is a matter of doubt, whether a sufficient number of two pound purchasers would appear, to compensate the author for the long list of sporting secrets, and accumulation of anecdotes replete with turf integrity, he may have to lay before the Public. But, gentlemen, you know as well as I, that the press is occasionally, if not frequently, rendered the means of * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

Not wishing to obtrude more upon your room, or your time, I shall only beg permission, to trouble you again with some of my secrets upon this subject, should it ever again be brought before the Public; being, with true respect,

Your obedient servant,

NO GENIUS.

Nov. 20, 1802.

LOQUACITY;

OR,

An Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry.

(Continued from Page 61.)

"INDEED, Goody Cubate," said Miss Trippet, "I detest a heap of *parramble* and ceremony as much as any body can do, and I am vastly willing and ready to oblige: but you know the huntsman is for ever in the company of so many fine and learned gentlemen, and is always used to hear such fine *lingur*, that, indeed, I am half afraid to write a letter to him; for I shall never word it properly nor elegantly enough. Was it to a farmer or shopkeeper, I should not mind it a pin's point; for they do not many of them know more than myself."

"Dear me heart," said Goody, "now Miss, you *astound* me quite and clean, to hear you say so much, when it is well known what a *redication* you have had, and now to be afraid of writing a letter to a huntsman!"

"Why, yes, Goody," answered Miss Trippet, "I have been pretty well *redicated*, I cannot deny it; for I can read and write; work plain work and flower; and I can dance and jig too a little. But what

what does all that signify? when I sit down to write, I shall do it in the same *lingur* and fashion that I always hear from my mamma, and our maid Betty; and I am not such a fool, Goody, but I know as how their *lingur* is quite contrary to what I heard at boarding school, where I might have learned a fine *parlite lingur* myself, had I been there long enough; but as I was there only six months, and was at home twice for more than a fortnight out of the time, I could not learn much, you know."

"Very true," said Goody, "spoken like a wise and sensible young lady, as I have many a thousad times said you are. You was not, indeed, long enough at boarding school to learn much, nor to unlearn much; therefore you could be but little the wiser for going."

"You are right, Goody," replied Miss Trippet, "for I forgot at Brook-farm in a month, all that I learned at boarding-school in six bits of months."

"I know it," said Goody; "I know what belong to a boarding-school, and a *parlite redication* as well as some of my betters, though I say it, who should not say it. Learning, and wisdom, and all sorts of learning, must come drop by drop; for if they are poured on by heaps, they only run off again, like a hasty shower."

"Dear me," said Miss Trippet, "who would ever have thought you knew so much, Goody. For my part, I am quite astonished to hear your hard words, and how you explain your meaning by them."

"Oh, dear me!" replied Goody; "now, Miss, you are pleased to flatter and compliment me, as rich folks say, but no good can come of flattery and much speaking: I know but little Miss; yet I hope I do know something, or else I have mispent my time sadly; for I have had fine *hoppurtunities*, as ever woman had, to learn something. I do not know, Miss, whether you have ever heard me say as much; but I lived three years and nine months with the most wisest and learnedest man upon the face of this earth. Many times and oft I have heard him say, that he had a *vershall redication*; which you must know, Miss, was as much as to say, that he had been learned and taught all that can be learned and taught in the *vershall* world. And indeed Miss, so he must, or he could never have known what he did. He knew every thing. He had a name for every star and *plant* in the whole heavens. He knew to a moment when one would set, and another rise: he knew all their motions, *rangles* and *tyrangles, revulshions* and *clipses*; and he would talk about summer and winter *solacies, caper corn, spears*, and *noxshal* points. I have heard him talk by the hour together about the stars, and the *contellations*. As to the earth, there is not a hole or a corner about it, but he knew where it was, and how it was *siterated*; he would tell you the length and breadth, and *sarket* of the earth to an inch; he knew hot or cold, how long or short, the days and nights are every where; what they grow at this place and the other; how different people live; whether they walked upon their legs, as we do, or go upon all-four, like beasts; he could tell where the lions and and tygers roar, where wolves howl, where monkies frisk, where parrots chatter, where serpents hiss, and where there are snakes big enough to swallow down a large ox at one single mouthful. In short, Miss, my master was a great *scholard*; he had a *poweration* of wisdom and learning; he was the greatest *gobgrapher* and *matterimon* on earth—and yet, for all that, he lost himself

one night only half a mile from his own door. I could hardly keep from laughing, to think that a man who knew both earth and heaven so well, should be lost in his own parish. 'I mist my path,' said he, 'and turned into the old lay, and got among the trees and bushes; and *probrobly*,' said he, 'I should have wandered there till morning; but, fortunately for me, there was a poor man pilfering some wood, who put me into my path! 'Well, Sir, said I, 'I am heartily glad you are come home safe, and without any *miscastelty*. But I am quite *stounded*,' said I again, 'to think that you should lose yourself, seeing you know all parts of the earth so well. Surely, Sir,' said I, 'your *ridears* were gone abroad.' With that he laughed heartily, which did him good, after his fright, for he was *sartanly* frighted. 'Why,' said he, 'you do not think much amiss; for I was *dillitating* in my mind where the source of the Nile should be; which important consideration brought the *longgitude* to my imagination—a matter of the greatest moment to *nabbrigation*, and indeed to all the world: I never thought about my path, till I found myself entangled amongst the bushes and briars, and that brought me to my *collection*."

"Well, Goody," said Miss Trippet, "I do wonder how it is you remember so much, and so many hard names: I should never think of one quarter of it."

"Why," answered Goody, "the truth is, I have a head of my own, with some brains in it, I thank Heaven, and did not live three years and nine months with the most wisest and learnedest man for nothing. I warrant you, Miss, I shall be the better for it to my dying day. But had I made a good use of my time, as I would was it to do again, I might have learnt, and known, and remembered, a vast deal, more than ever I can know now. Why, he would run over a list of hard names, and some of them as long as my stick, I verily think and believe."

"Why, surely, Goody," said Miss Trippet, "you could never know the meaning of such long words."

"I never desired it, Miss," replied Goody; "the sound was enough for me; and I was *parridiously* delighted to hear them."

"Well, for my part, Goody," said Miss Trippet, "I can never take pleasure to hear words that I do not know the meaning of, and can never think how you could be delighted to hear them."

"I will explain the matter" said Goody, "to you, Miss, in such *parspeckerous* terms, that you may *comperhend* it in a minute. Pray now, Miss, mind what I shall say. Is not every body pleased, charmed, and delighted, to hear the pretty birds sing in spring? yet nobody understand the meaning of their notes. Then, how is it that every body is delighted and charmed to hear them? Why, Miss, it is because their notes are so sweet, so musical, and so *harmorous*; that is the cause, and the reason too. It is the same with long and hard words; for when they are rightly and properly spoken and *parnounct*, they are so sweet, so musical, so mellow, and so charming, that every body is pleased, and charmed, and delighted to hear them. But we jabber away the time, Miss, and do nothing.—Pray let us begin."

"Whenever you please, Goody," said Miss Trippet, "I am ready. But, pray, do not put in any of your hard words into your letter; for I shall never spell them right: and then the huntsman, and every body will laugh at it. Besides, you know he hears fine words enough amongst

amongst the gentlemen, and will not want to find any in his letter."

"Very true, Miss," said Goody, "I grant you that he hears fine words a plenty; but then they are the fine words of other people, and none of his own; but when he has the letter that I shall send him, then he will have fine words of his own, and may carry them about in his pocket; for I am fully resolved and bent upon it, to send a letter worth his notice, and on that he may *parhaps* be the wiser for all the days of his life. So let me see," said she, taking a pinch of snuff to refresh her memory, and quicken her understanding—"Let me see how we shall begin; for, 'to begin well is half finished;' my wise and learned master used to say, 'never be in a hurry at first,' said he, 'but think a while first about the matter, then you will *prorobly* go on well, and end as you ought.' Let me *carlect* myself a minute, and see whether I can *carlect* any thing from his *maxins* and *apostrings* to suit my needful purpose. Yes, thank Heaven, I can; for I do now *carlect*, that he used to say, 'Be familiar, for *familirality* is the life and soul of *sosiriety*.' So, Miss, we will be as familiar as is consistent with poor folks; yet we will be careful, and not be capable of boldness and *termerety*."

"I must beg, Goody," said Miss Trippet, "that you put no such hard words into the letter; for I tell you that I shall never write them as they should be."

"Miss Trippet," replied Goody, "you have too many fears and doubts, and quandaries, which you must endeavour to surmount, or you will never get married."

"Never get married!" exclaimed Miss Trippet. "For Heaven's sake, Goody, do not prophecy evil; for I cannot bear the thought of dying an old maid, it is such a scandal."

"I verily believe you, Miss," said Goody. "Howsomever, Miss, an old maid is no scandal, unless, indeed, she prove such through her own *perversions*; because, for why, Miss, a woman is never to begin a courtship, nor to throw out any enticing allurements; she is only to make herself agreeable, to be clean, and modest, and decent, and to make herself as charming and tempting as she can; and then she must wait as patiently as she is able, till her time comes, as the saying is. But an old batchelor is a shame and a disgrace to the earth, and ought to be banished from the face of it; because it is his own fault—his own free choice—for he has the *liberality* of picking and chusing where, and when he likes: if one will not, why another will; if one is coy, another is kind, and willing, and ready; so that there is not an old batchelor upon the face of the earth, but who is so by his own choice; and that makes it a scandal, a shame, and a disgrace to all the world. So, Miss, we will leave fusty old batchelors to the enjoyment of that disgrace and scandal they deserve. As to you, my sweet creature, you have no cause to fear or despair about either sweethearts, or a husband. I can see as well as another, and know and perceive, that there are several nice young gentlemen ready to die, and to hang themselves for you. And if you should receive any love letters—as I dare to say you will soon—and if you should be at a stand how to answer them, only step down to me Miss, and I'll put you in a way how to do it *fecturally*. So, now, I'll put my considering cap on again, and think one minute more before we begin."

'Always consult the wise and learned in all *arggent* matters.' "Ay, that is right," said Goody to herself, "and if the wise and learned are not at hand, then *carlect* what they

they have said, and would again say, upon this or that *casion*. Now, my wise and learned master used to say, 'whoever writes, should write as he would speak to a friend, if they mean to write well, agreeably, and to the *purport*. But all men,' said he, 'many times, love a little genteel flattery, and think it their due; therefore, writers should always be very civil in their letters on all occasions.' Well, Miss," said she, "I have thought how we must begin. The huntsman is no gentleman; yet he will be pleased and flattered by being *drest* as though he was such: therefore, we will begin with—'Dear Sir'—Now, Miss, pray observe, and mind, when I have conceived and brought forth a *senterance*, to put it in plain and lively characters; and I will carefully lead your pretty hand, and when you have done one *senterance*, I will then supply you with another. By so doing, we shall get through this *arderant* undertaking in time: so presently we will begin for good and all.

MR. LAYTON.

A FEW days since was married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Lieutenant-colonel Rainey, of the 60th regiment of foot, to Miss Layton, youngest daughter of Mr. Layton, veterinary surgeon to the Prince of Wales. Little as it is the custom, to enlarge upon the merits, or singularities of individuals, until they have "passed that bourn from whence no traveller returns," we cannot resist the temptation, of communicating a few facts respecting this gentleman, Mr. Layton, during his enjoyment of high health, and unsullied hilarity. He is the father of seven children, the last of whom is now married; he is likewise the grandfather of twenty-four; some of whom are fourteen and fifteen years of age. He has never rode less, but frequently much more than fifty miles a day, in every day of the last seven-and-twenty years: and in addition to his professional concerns, is, at the present moment, one of the Surry Yeomanry Cavalry; where his attendance is as punctual, and his exertions as great, as the most zealous and energetic member of that loyal and respectable corps. Thus it may seem to invalids and valetudinarians, that air, temperance, and exercise, are the grand preservers of health; in general it may be so, but, as according to the long standing maxim, "There is no rule without an exception," so it has been with Mr. Layton: he has never been a slave to time, the dupe of deception, or a wretched dependant upon abstinence; rules for the preservation of health he has had none; to bed he has gone at all hours; and is so constitutionally a Philanthropist, that he never leaves good company till the last.

His present health and spirits, brings to memory, a remarkable occurrence, during the life of the late Lord Mansfield, in the court of King's Bench, where one John Elm gave evidence; whose age was eighty-six, with every appearance of health, and free from infirmity. Upon a question from the court, he said, "his life had been a scene of tranquil regularity; he lived chiefly upon milk diet, drank no tea, or spirituous liquors, always went to bed early, and rose with the sun." His Lordship addressing himself to the junior barristers said, "There, gentlemen, is an example of health and long life for you; it is an admirable lesson, and I hope you will follow it." The very next witness called in the cause, proved to be James Elm, the

the brother of, and a much more healthy and venerable looking man than the former; after having given his evidence, his Lordship, with a handsome apology, requested to know, "if he was brother to the preceding witness?" Upon answering in the affirmative, his Lordship was induced to ask his age; "Ninety, my Lord." "Indeed! that's a great age Mr. Elm. You have had your health well, I presume! "Never was ill a day, or took a dose of physic in my life, my Lord." "Astonishing! But you live regular, mostly upon milk diet, and go to bed early I suppose?" "Never live by any rule, my Lord; eat and drink whatever comes in my way, except milk, which I cannot bear." "In short, then, although you indulge your appetite in this way, I conclude you never drink to excess?" Why, to tell your Lordship the truth, I do not very well comprehend the meaning of drinking to excess, but I have not been to bed sober any one night this forty years." Upon which, one of the young barristers jumping up, exultingly asked his Lordship, "what he had to say to that?" "Say," replied his Lordship, "why, that Elm, wet or dry will last for ever."

VETERINARY CRITICISM.

A NEW SYSTEM OF FARRIERY, including a Systematic Arrangement of the External Structure of the Horse, illustrated with Copper-plates, representing the exact proportions of a Blood Horse; with a description of all the defects that tend to impede velocity. Likewise, directions for ascertaining with exactness the age of a Horse, from his being foaled, till fourteen years old. To which are added, the improved mode of treatment, and prescriptions, recommended by the Veterinary College, in every disease of difficult management. Interspersed with occasional references to the dangerous practice of country Farriers, Grooms, &c. And the method of curing the principal Epidemic Diseases, to which Cows, Sheep, &c. are subject. By John Feron, Veterinary Surgeon to his Majesty's 13th Regiment of Light Dragoons, &c. *Johnson*, 1803.—L.1:1s.

Anxious to do justice to the Public, our indispensible duty; and at the same time to give due encouragement to individuals, who stand forth to serve in this very useful department, we have too frequently been plunged into a very painful dilemma; in which, we must either betray our trust, or in the faithful execution of it, necessarily give a harsh and discouraging verdict. On the arrival of a French Veterinarian in this country, some years since—a man, doubtless of good practical talents, as far as his stock of knowledge extended—and on the establishment of a Veterinary College, we were taught to expect considerable improvement, in the general medical, and surgical treatment of our domestic animals. As far as we have been really benefited, in those respects, to that degree shall our acknowledgments extend. But for our parts, we must own we expected, and indeed had a right to expect, more real practice and less pretension; improvement and invention, where those were necessary; and where beaten track ran in the direction of reason, experience, and common sense, an honest and sedulous adherence thereto. Instead of which, what do we hear of but the insufficiency, and even gross ignorance of those veterinary writers, on whose principles and practise

practice long experience has taught us safely to rely: of great and wonderful discoveries made and making every day, and of the contentation of all veterinary knowledge, within certain walls, or within the pages of certain writers, who have been taught to pronounce the *Shiboleth* of authority.

Mr. Feron has learned to pronounce the word without hesitation; and he brings up the rear of we know not how many writers—for they have not dwelled long, on either their own, or the public recollection—who have, each and all of them, jointly and severally, published new systems, and new discoveries in farriery; at the same time, all agreeing, following, and bepraising each other; none first, none last, but all originals; and all vouching for the infallibility of the College!

We give the grand and *filling* whole-length of Mr. F's title page, as affording matter of curious analysis; and all must allow us adepts in critical investigation, since, in our labour, we begin with the beginning; and since, allowing that we skim lightly over the lighter parts of his light, airy, and elegant pages, we purpose to finish with the end, viz.

"A new system of Farriery"—in plain English, and real truth. This *new* system is essentially the same with that introduced by St. Bel; with a few convenient variations, gradually made ready to Mr. F's hand, by *authority*, for the necessary purpose of originality.

"External structure of the Horse"—This is certainly *new*—published upon new paper, and elegant, and graced with a new name: it is, nevertheles, plates and all, pretty faithfully copied from St. Bel; in so much, that if poor St. Bel pop his head out of its mansion of clay, he might very safely swear to the identical figure of his own horse."

"Directions for ascertaining the age of a horse"—These are also entirely new, upon the plan already laid down; and have been so often repeated, and by so many writers, French and English, within the last forty years, that could the rules be reduced to ten, it would conduce to their novelty, to style them the ten commandments, relating to a horse's mouth.

"The improved treatment and prescriptions, recommended by the Veterinary College."—All this *improvement*, for the additions are too trifling and insignificant for a note, may be found in the French writers; chiefly in Bourgelet, and St. Bel: much of it founded on justly exploded hypotheses, and a practise ill calculated for the use of this country, and far inferior to that already established on the best English authority. The reason for *frenchifying* us, in this particular, lies on the surface. But of far more real and universal use, would it have been, to have followed our own established writers, in this particular also—to have adopted from the French school, such practice as demonstrated real improvement, and have rejected that part, which was neither congruous with our reason, nor our habits. Take the following example: Osman, our veterinary surgeon—living about half a century past, in the premises now occupied by Mr. Moorcroft, in Oxford street—an excellent *practical* judge of horses, availed himself of the celebrated theory of *La Fosse*; and, accommodating it to English practical utility, through the medium of his own real experience, laid down a set of rules for shoeing; on the principles of which, horses of all descriptions, may go with ease, and safety; and which is to this moment, the foundation of our best practise.

"Interspersed

"Interspersed with occasional references to the dangerous practise of country farriers, grooms, &c." Wonderful and new, in the time of Flying Childers—1722—and repeated verbatim, by eighty-nine *original* writers, and five-and-fifty commentators since.

The book is handsomely dedicated to the Lieut. Colonel of the author's regiment; and in the preface, reference is very properly made to the works of Bourgelat, and St. Bel; although Mr. F. certainly does not gain much by affecting to complain of the confused idea they give, of the anatomical, geometrical, and mechanical action of the muscles, whilst he, in the present work, has been very particular in observing the exact proportions of horses. Every reader conversant on the subject, is at once well satisfied, that he has truly been *particular*—to select just so much, and no more, from the above cited authors, than he judged would suit his purpose. We willingly accept the author's apology, as a foreigner; and assure him, we have no desire to take the smallest advantage of any literary slips he may have made; finding his English to be throughout, sufficiently intelligible, and in many parts entitled to commendation.

The introduction of the closet theories of the French writers, on the proportions of the horse, have led the present auther into that unfortunate blunder, committed by many of our veterinary gentlemen; namely, that of pretending to give instructions on race horses and the turf, instead of navigation, or plane trigonometry, which they might have understood, for any thing to the contrary appearing in their works. Thus, also, Mr. Richard Lawrence of Birmingham, the identical gentleman who advertised to inform the stupid world, could not subdue the common strong desire to share amongst the knowing ones of the course; as a proof of it, sagely advising the keepers of race horses, to train and race them, without pulling at the bridle, lest the pressure of the bit should spoil their mouths.

Mr. Feron reasons with an equal degree of practical knowledge; when he tells us in a note, page 34, that 'there are some judges of horses, who conceive the turning of the feet outwards, to be a good quality in a well bred horse, for no other reason, than comparing them to the structure of a colt!!!' The quotation and reasoning upon such an absurdity, at once ascertains the depth of the author's knowledge of the subject.

Page 49. "That pernicious and whimsical idea of giving three doses of physic." Alas! the author has no better success here. Before a writer attempts a subject, it behoves him to know what has been previously written upon it. Mr. F. ought to have known, that the subject of purging horses, has been practically and scientifically duscussed, its utility proved, and its abuses decried.

Page 59. "The second, St. Bel, has erroneously represented the proportions of the famous Eclipse, in the shape of a strong double hunter." *Bon Dieu*! a double hunter—where, in England, could the author possibly pick up such a tayloring phrase? St. Bel represented Eclipse exactly as he was, and as the writer of this has often seen him; a horse of vast substance, but that substance advantageously placed for action.—This is a point, on which uninformed persons are usually at a loss, supposing that a race horse must necessarily be a slim animal, than which nothing can be more absurd. Some of our largest and most bulky horses, have been amongst the most speedy; for example, Childers, Sampson,

Eclipse, Fireaway—upwards of 17 hands high—Boudrow, &c.

Page 63. We will excuse the author for telling us, in so serious a way, "that breeding is a subject of palpable importance"—since he has joined a piece of most philosophical and useful advice, relative to feeding the brood mare. Nothing can be more absurd, surely, than the pretended economy of keeping, or rather starving animals on straw, under circumstances of such bodily exhaustion, as those of "generating flesh, blood, and bone." Pity but the author, like a prudent man at play, had stopped here, while he was well; he would have ensured him the commendations of the informed, and spared him their smiles. His general rule, page 66, is far from being so infallible as he supposes.

The pages on shoeing, contain nothing new, merely transcriptory from the French practice, adopted by our Veterinary College, and to be found much more at large, in various other publications. The plan recommended page 95, to prevent a horse from over-reaching, is particularly absurd and useless; calculated merely to destroy the horse's fore feet, to no manner of purpose. The same may generally be said of the methods—those not new—which are recommended to prevent cutting. A veterinary surgeon, two or three years since, published a pamphlet, now forgotten, on this subject; wherein he detailed all the French methods of prevention in this case. These writers seem not aware, that it is nine times out of ten a natural defect, and that such horses would actually cut with the hoof, supposing them ridden unshod; in consequence, that a leathern guard on the leg, is the only remedy worth attention. Mr. F. seems not aware of the distinction between *knocking* and *cutting*; the latter term being more usually and properly applied to the speedy cut. Like his brethren from college, he is perfectly unaware of the *natural* thrush in the frog of the horse's foot; and of those cases, multitudinous as they are, in which no possible means of shoeing or habit, will enable the horse to go with his frogs exposed to the pressure, or rather abrasion of the hard roads.

Page 101. The author has again hazarded ridicule, by adopting the fashionable affectation of "strains, as they are called," and "cordials as they call them." Dr. Cullen formerly determined the animal body should have no pores. Drs. Darwin, Beddoes, & Co. pursuing the consequence, have *nem. con.* come to a resolution, that it is not only extreme nonsense, but impossible to catch cold! In proof of which, Dr. Beddoes adduced the convincing example, of a horse suddenly turned out of a hot stable into the fields in winter, without any perceptive difference in his health. A medical party among us, as well as in France, have adopted the *Hallerian* hypothesis of the inirritability of tendons, in direct opposition to both common feeling, and common sense; which, as has been proved repeatedly, throughout every generation, for two thousand years past, have nothing at all to do with the far greater number of medical and physiological hypotheses. Viewing this, respecting the tendons, in the light of an ephemeral hypothesis, it is only ridiculous, like the rest; but as adopted by men who are intrusted with the care of animals, in a state of lameness in their limbs, from excessive exertion, it is a most serious business, in regard both of humanity and pecuniary interest; for they who can comprehend *no strain or lameness, beyond the mere concomitant and symptomatic tension* and

and inflammation, are very ill qualified to prescribe in such a case. The arguments used in support of this notion, of the inelasticity, or absolute torpidity of tendons, and tendinous fibres, serve to no other conviction, than that the argumentators have but very superficially considered their subject; and such tenets, in a country of overstraining and hard riding, have done our college no credit. What a climax of postulate and corollary. No pores, no suppressed perspiration; therefore, no colds. No sensibility, irritability, or mobility, in tendons, so called, from *tendo*, to stretch; therefore, no possibility of strains. No cordials; therefore, we ought to presume, no faintness, nervous debility, or syncope !!! But the elasticity of tendons has been so amply proved, in a late veterinary treatise, that it is curious, we should have again heard the contrary asserted so roundly, unaccompanied with any new arguments or proofs.

Page 116. Mr. Coleman, it seems, "was the first who formed a just opinion of this disease in the feet of horses." *Inflammation of the sensible frog and laminæ.—Anglice—* the first, perhaps, who described it in those precise terms. As to the error of St. Bel, in prescribing cold and astringent applications, in the case of inflamed and foundered feet, it was first noticed in the treatise of Mr. John Lawrence.

Page 172. The advice in inflammatory cholic, "to take away five quarts of blood at once," indeed, till the horse is disposed to reel, is a pregnant instance of that temerarious practice, lately received amongst us, as orthodox; and equals any thing attributed to the hardy sons of Vulcan in that way.

Page 197. "Causes of the mange, so obscurely understood." By whom? Not surely by medical men. If so, Mr. Feron should have included himself, since nothing of novelty has escaped him.

On the subject of the Farcy, page 205, we are enabled to shew Mr. F. to great advantage indeed, as a courtier and a panegyrist. To those who desire a good lesson in this way, we warmly recommend the following. "The students of the veterinary art, and even the country at large, are quietly indebted to the worthy Mr. Coleman; particularly for his judicious discoveries in physiology and the *materia medica*. I beg leave to observe, that I have had the opportunity, of seeing several veterinary schools, in different parts of Europe, for thirty years past; and in consequence of the observations I have been able to make on the subject, I sincerely believe, that he has made greater progress, in the eight years which he has professed this science, than any other professor in similar schools, for nearly a century, that they have been introduced."

As to our author's cure for the Glanders, we have few remarks to make—we have rather to speak in notes of admiration!!! Granting the patient could possibly survive the debility usually concomitant with that disease, he would hardly escape the Herculean vigour of Mr. Feron's prescriptions. Aloes, calomel, arsenic, hemlock, blistering, phlebotomy to the extent of —merciful heaven—a gallon and a quarter at once, or two gallons in two or three days, in a disease of debility and consumption!!!

Page 228. On the *lampas*, and the *haw* in the eye, we have a specimen of that miserable sophistry, which has been echoed from one writer to another, by way of puffing the Veterinary College. Even Newspapers, and the British Critic, have lately joined—Critique on Ryding—this redoubtable squadron of panegyrists. The truth is, all

our writers of reputation previously to the establishment of the college, have written just as rationally, but somewhat more practically, on these subjects, than the disciples of the foundation. We ourselves, without vying with Mr. F. in his "many thousands of instances!!!" have often seen, both an inflamed palate in young horses, reduced and amended by a slight cauterization; and an enlargement of the conjunctive membrane of the eye, beneficially reduced by the scissars.

On the various diseases of oxen, cows, and sheep, we feelingly lament, with other purchasers of the author's book, that his five-and-twenty years experience, has produced nothing beyond a tale, one hundred times told.

We shall conclude with two observations, addressed not to this writer alone; namely, that in new books, it is by no means unreasonable, in the public, to expect somewhat new, at least necessary repetition; and that the continental veterinary practice is but partially applicable to the circumstances of this country.

A SKETCH
OF
MASTER PETER PETULANT;
OR,
ANY THING FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE.

MASTER PETER was the fruit of an interested match between his father Paul Petulant, and his mother Fadlanidia Fondle; of this happy couple Peter was the third son. At an early age he began to display an inclination of subduing every thing to his own will, which by his fond mother was indulged to an excess that well might be spared. It would sometimes happen the youth claimed indulgences, however, that even she would not consent to gratify, but instead of refusing with the authoritative and resolute air that becomes a parent, regarding its child's welfare, Mrs. Petulant continually found some falsehood to shift his importunities; at one moment the cat had ran away with the object of the young gentleman's pursuit, at another an old man had taken it up the chimney; and what at first astonished, afterwards served as an introduction to the art of lying. As Peter was the youngest, it was sometimes his fate to be left at home when his elder brothers went abroad. In that case he was told they were only going to school, though in fact it was a party of pleasure. This was a fresh lesson of falsehood to the elder youths; and on their return, sure to communicate it to Peter, who then learnt the first rudiments of fabricating. "Any thing for the sake of peace," was the motto of the fond mother; and as to the father, he was suffered to have no share in the education of his children, but under her direction, and "implicit obedience," was his motto. As the youth grew up, he broke windows, overset services of china, and played innumerable pranks, without either correction or reproof; these exploits were attributed by the fond mother to the effects of childhood, and the sure presage of a lively genius; and for the *sake of peace*, a lie, or an excuse in close alliance with a lie, was always in readiness; "besides," argued the matron with me, on a visit I annually made, "he is but a child, and when he grows older he will know better." However, as the son increased in years, the father increased in infirmities, and the education of Peter, which had before been laughed at as the follies of

of youth, now became a confirmed system of art and knavery. The young man was then twenty years of age, and I for the last time visited the family; "Well, Peter," said I, "how is your father;" "Oh, Sir," replied the lad, "he is rather fretful, but we manage him very well, for I can make him believe any thing. I slept out the other night; and the old man, having looked in my chamber and seeing my bed not in the least disturbed, was in a great rage, and determined to detect me in my return, for which purpose he placed himself at the door, I discovered him at a distance, and I procured an arch wag to direct his attention, while I stole by to my chamber: having equipped myself as if newly risen, down I came to the astonishment of the old boy, whom I assured he was mistaken, for that I was hid under the bed clothes: the stupid old fellow believed it, and it was all well—*any thing for the sake of peace*, as my mother used to say.

BOXING.

HOPPING NED AND DONNOVAN.

MONDAY November 28th, being the day appointed for the decision of several prize-battles, which have been for some time pending, the heroes of the fist, their seconds, and a numerous cavalcade of amateurs, set off at an early hour for Wimbledon Common, the place designed for the scene of action. At half past one o'clock, the ring being formed, the first two champions that entered the list, were Hopping Ned and A. Donnovan, from Kingston. These two combatants excited great interest among the fighting men, having fought together some time ago, for a considerable wager, when victory was declared in favour of Hopping Ned. On this occasion, the contest was only for twenty guineas. At a quarter before two o'clock, the combatants set to, each appearing confident of success. Hopping Ned placed the first blow on his antagonist's side, which staggered him; then following him up with his left hand, made a successful hit at Donnovan's forehead; he, however did not fall. On Donnovan's recovering himself, some sharp hitting took place on both sides; they closed, and, on falling, Hopping Ned was uppermost.

Second Round—A great deal of hard-fighting; no stopping, nor display of science. Donnovan fought shy, and endeavoured to avoid his opponent's blows; he was hit, in his retreat, on the neck, with Hopping Ned's left hand, which sent him among the people keeping the ring. Odds, two to one in Hopping Ned's favour.

Third Round—Very short; closed at starting. Hopping Ned gave Donnovan a cross buttock.

Fourth Round—Round hitting on both sides; notwithstanding many hard blows told, as neither had dexterity to stop them. On closing, Donnovan fell under.

Fifth Round—Some sharp hitting. Hopping Ned, in rallying, made a slip, and could not recover himself; in falling he received a severe hit from his opponent. Even betting.

Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Rounds—No dangerous blows struck on either side. Hopping Ned kept the advantage, by being able to throw Donnovan. Both appeared weak.

Ninth Round—The most severe of any. Several straight blows struck by Hopping Ned, but did not tell, as Donnovan would not stand up. They closed, and a hard struggle ensued for the cross buttock, which ended, as usual, in Ned's favour.

Tenth,

Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Rounds—Very little change in the odds, or style of fighting, except that Donnovan stood up closer; but when he made a severe hit, he generally fell from his own blow.

Thirteenth Round—Very sharp fought on both sides. Ned seemed the strongest; on rallying, Donnovan was hit over the left eye, which made him fall. Before he came to the ground he was hit again by Hopping Ned, when a general cry of foul! foul! was vociferated. The objection was over-ruled, and they again proceeded.

Fourteenth Round—Hopping Ned at starting, gave his opponent a complete knock-down blow.

Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Rounds—Continued even betting; Donnovan having thrown Hopping Ned twice, the only times during the whole battle.

Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Rounds—Hopping Ned appeared a good deal distressed, having undergone most fatigue in the battle, by following his opponent round the ring to put in his blows; many of which he failed in from the manner of Donnovan's retreating.

Twenty-first, Twenty-second, and Twenty-third Rounds—No odds in the battle. Nothing remarkable occurred except in the last round. In trying for a cross buttock, the one rolled over the other.

Twenty-fourth Round—Was hard fought on both sides. After some severe hitting, each made good his blow on his opponent's forehead, which occasioned them both to fall with violence on their backs, at some distance from each other.

Twenty fifth, Twenty-sixth, and Twenty-seventh Rounds—Were better contested than the preceding ones, particularly on the part of Donnovan, who now began to fight with greater confidence of success. He cut Hopping Ned severely over the face, which bled freely, and brought the odds in his favour for the first time.

Twenty-eighth Round—Was desperately fought. Hopping Ned seemed determined to gain the ground he had lost. He put in several body blows with great judgment, and threw his opponent at the end of the round.

For the *six* following rounds, both fought with determined bravery; but neither could make much impression on the other, from the exhausted state they were in. Hopping Ned continued to fight the most manly, never giving way but from the blows of his opponent; whilst Donnovan would frequently fall from his own blow; but whether from weakness or design, it was a matter of great doubt.

Thirty-fifth Round—Hopping Ned gave Donnovan a complete knock-down blow on setting to.

Thirty-sixth Round—Severe hitting. Both combatants seemed to have gathered strength, and shewed good bottom. Donnovan made a successful hit at Hopping Ned's body, which was returned by a blow from his opponent's left hand, which knocked him down.

Thirty-seventh Round—Donnovan struck several hard blows at Hopping Ned's left side, from the last of which he fell, without having received a blow in return. Here a cry of foul! foul! was called out by Hopping Ned's friends, who insisted that it was against the laws of pugilism to fall without a blow. It was urged on the other side, that it was not done intentionally, but proceeded from weakness. As Hopping Ned was still considered to have the best of it, he was persuaded, much against his will, to resume the contest.

Thirty-eight Round—They closed on meeting, and fell together.

Thirty-ninth

Thirty-ninth Round — Hopping Ned insisted he had won the money they had fought for, in consequence of the foul play shewn by Donnovan; and therefore considered it was unnecessary for him to proceed.

On Hopping Ned's endeavourvouring to make his way out of the ring, he was followed by Donnovan, who inquired if he had given in? when the other replied, No! On which Donnovan putting himself in a fighting position, to attack him. Hopping Ned opposed him. The round finished with Donnovan having knocked down Hopping Ned for the first time. Here the battle finished. Hopping Ned would pursue the contest no longer, nor would he acknowledge the money lost. Having been told after he had put on his clothes, that the reason he quitted the ring was, that he was afraid of being beat, he offered to fight Donnovan again; but his friends would not suffer him to engage a second time, saying, that Hopping Ned had lost the money the moment he quitted the ring.

The first battle lasted one hour all but one minute.

SECOND FIGHT.

BETWEEN

LANCASTER AND PLOUGHMAN,

Two lads from Kensington. The great skill and science they were known to possess in boxing, induced the amateurs to take uncommon pains to get them to fight a pitched battle, which they at length effected. On setting to, the amateurs could not help expressing their astonishment at the superior style in which they fought. They seemed to have acquired, considering their years, every requisite for the character of pugilists. Their manner of hitting was sharp and straight forward, and they were not only able to strike severe blows, but to bear them. These *promising youths* fought fifty-five rounds in about one hour and a quarter; during which neither of them ever once seemed to relax in vigour, or in style of fighting. What may also appear surprising, the lads were not much bruised in the contest. This entirely arose from their dexterity and skill in stopping the blows, which were only felt on their arms. At the expiration of the time mentioned, it was thought proper to separate them, as the wager for which they fought was not great, to make room for two other heroes of the fist, of great eminence in the *fighting world*.

THIRD FIGHT.

CUFF AND COWAN.

It was nearly dark, and the ring having been broken in, another was immediately made at some distance, when Joseph Cuff, of Putney, a celebrated pugilist, and Levy Cowan, from Lincolnshire, a noted fighting man, entered it. The sum for which they were to fight was not considerable; their grand object was to settle a dispute which had taken place between them, and to prove which was the best man. On stripping, Cuff seemed to have greatly the advantage in size, being at least two stone heavier than his opponent. Cowan placed great dependance in his superior skill, and set to with indifference, if not contempt, for his opponent. After thirteen rounds of hard fighting, however, Cowan gave in.

It was now quite dark, which prevented other battles from taking place. Nearly all the pugilists of note in the country were present. The Game Chicken from Bristol was there, and is expected to get matched before he leaves London.

IRISH

IRISH SPECTACLES.

THE late General B—— going post to Ireland, on some extraordinary business that would not permit the incumbrance of a retinue, stopped to dine at an inn on the Chester road, and ordered a pair of ducks which he saw ready at the kitchen fire, up to his table. The General's desire had been just complied with, when some country bucks came in hungry as hawks, after a morning's sport. They eagerly inquired what could be had to eat? Like a true Boniface, the landlord enumerated what he had not, to apologize for what he had; and among other things mentioned the ducks, which had been only a minute before served up for the Irish gentleman's dinner. "*Irish Jontleman*!" gibingly exclaimed one of the chagrined groupe. "D—n me! I'll lay fifty to five, the fellow does not know B from a bull's foot. Here, waiter, take my watch up to the *Jontleman*, and present my compliments to him, and request him to tell me what o'clock it is." The General heard the message, took the watch, and with great temper, returned his respects, with an assurance, that as soon as he had dined, he would endeavour to satisfy the inquiry. The bucks who were chuckling at the embarrassment they imagined the ignorant Irishman was led into, sat down to regale themselves on whatever they could get; but their jollity was presently disturbed by the entrance of a military figure, who with that politeness which is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced towards the table where they were all seated, and presented the watch. "Gentlemen" said he, "I wish to know its owner, as from a message sent me a little while ago, I presume he is *short sighted*, and have brought him *this* pair of spectacles—pointing to a case of large pistols he held under his arm—to remedy his defect." Joke was gone, the bucks were silent. The General deliberately put the watch into his fob, with a declaration that secured it to him for ever: "Gentlemen, I am sorry for intruding, as I find the *owner* is not among you; whenever he claims it he shall have it, but never, by G—d, *without a trial of the spectacles*.

LAW.

ACTION FOR AN ASSAULT, ON ACCOUNT OF A WAGER.

Court of King's Bench, December 3.

EDBROOKE *v.* BARRETT.

THIS was an action for an assault. A wager had been lost for five pounds; and Mr. Lambert, a coach maker, Mr. Largent, a cork-cutter, Mr. Collet, a distiller, and several other persons went to Mr Johnson's public-house, at Edmonton, to be merry on the occasion of spending this money; and, to make the day out, in the morning they took the amusement of sporting, on the manor of Sir W. Curtis. If these gentlemen did not agree quite so well at the table as in the field, it appears that at the former they did more execution. In an affray which took place after the bottle had pretty freely circulated, the plaintiff in this action was knocked down, a contusion near the temple was the consequence, and by the evidence of the surgeon, it seemed there was a rupture of the tendons of his "large toe," to use the words of this pharmaceutic professor.

Mr. Garrow for the plaintiff, contended

contended that he had suffered very serious injury; that he was confined ten days or a fortnight, and that he had not yet recovered from the effects of the violence.

Mr. Erskine, for the defendant, represented that it was a mere drunken frolic, that it was obvious the plaintiff had given great provocation, and that the moderation and justice of the jury would dispose them to assign the smallest damages.

Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice.—The assault being proved, the question before you is merely the quantum of damages. The act of interposing even to prevent others from committing reciprocal violence, by pulling the one, is an assault for which a man may be convicted, unless he justifies himself for such interference.—The defendant in this case has not so justified.—Verdict for the plaintiff, damages forty shillings.

Court of Common Pleas. Dec. 5.

Sittings before Lord Alvanley, and a Special Jury.

CRIM. CON.

SHEE, *v.* MALCOLM.

THIS was an action to recover a compensation in damages, for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife.

The case was opened by Mr. Sergeant Shepherd. He stated that the plaintiff was an officer of rank in the army, and who had been serving his country abroad with the utmost honour and credit to himself, and adding to the glories already acquired by the British arms, The Learned Sergeant entered at some length into the principles of such actions, and observed that it was highly necessary, while honourable and brave men were fighting the battles of their country, that they should be protected by the laws of that country, against any invasion which might be made on their domestic happiness, through the seductive arts of any unprincipled libertine. He then detailed the evidence which he meant to adduce to support the charge he had to make against the defendant, who had seduced the plaintiff's wife; and concluded with expressing his hope, that when he should have made out his case, the jury would teach such persons, that the laws of civil society, and all that was dear in it, was not to be trampled upon.

The first witness called, was Capt. George Losack, who stated, that he knew Col. Shee, the plaintiff, who at present is serving under Mr. Pitt, in the Cinque Port Volunteers. They sailed together for India in the year 1796. The plaintiff was in the William Pitt East-Indiaman, which the witness had under his convoy. They stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, where the Colonel was married to Miss St. Charles, the subject of the present action, who at that time was about 15 years old. The witness was married there at the same time. On his cross-examination he said, they were married at a Mr. Strumble's. Sir Chas Mitchell, General Doyle, Capt. Waller, and himself, were present. The Chaplain of the witness's ship performed the ceremony. The Lady went out to India under protection of the Captain of the ship.

John Birch, Esq. stated, that Mrs. Shee was the reputed daughter of a first cousin of the witness, and was born at Quebec, in America. She was, previous to her departure

departure from England for India, under the protection of his relations, and was sent out to their relations in that quarter of the globe—Messrs. J. and R. Birch—who held high official situations at Bengal. She remained about two years in India, when she returned home, as she stated, on account of ill health. She brought no letter of credit from her husband, no supplies with her, or had any resources, but was left entirely on the bounty of her relations. When she left England she was a mere child, carrying dolls with her for her amusement. She remained in England two years, until an opportunity offered to send her back. Col. Shee at that time was in Bengal, and was at the capture of Seringapatam. She returned to India under the care of Captain Churchill, who had married a sister of her father's, since dead. On his cross-examination he stated, that she was sent back to India at the family expence, no accounts or supplies of cash, or other intelligence, having been received from her husband. The family was much surprised at her marriage, which they did not expect to hear of, and were much displeased at it.

A letter, which had been previously sworn to as of the defendant's hand-writing, was read. It was merely a polite request to Colonel and Mrs. Shee, to take their passage home in the defendant's ship to England.

Major Samuel Hogg, of the India service, stated, that he returned to England in the defendant's ship, the Victorious man of War, of 74 guns. The plaintiff and his wife came on board the latter end of December, 1801, and took their passage for England. The back part of the great cabin was divided into two for their accommodation; this was separated by a passage on the left-hand side. In this cabin were two couches and a swing-cot. There were many passengers on board, some dined in the ward-room, and the witness, with the plaintiff and his wife, dined in the great cabin. On the 5th of February the witness was awoke out of his sleep at midnight by the plaintiff, who, with great vehemence, desired him to rise, as he wanted to shew him something. As soon as he got up, the latter seized him by the hand, hurried him through the passage which divided the cabins to the stern gallery, where he saw the defendant standing at the door of his cabin in his shirt. The plaintiff informed the witness, that he had caught his wife and the defendant in a very improper situation, and which, from his statement, left no doubt as to the adulterous intercourse. The plaintiff upbraided the defendant with his conduct, and charged him with the crime, which he did not attempt to deny, though he said Mrs. Shee was not there.

After some search, the plaintiff found his wife concealed in his own cabin, he pulled her out violently, and throwing her towards the defendant, said, "There, take your strumpet, and a pretty bargain you have of her." The plaintiff was violently agitated, and used many bitter accusations against the defendant, and asked if he had any thing to say for himself in excuse, to which he replied, "I have not," but intreated the plaintiff to spare his reproaches, as they would be of no avail. The following morning the defendant left the ship, and went on board the Sybille, another of his Majesty's ships under his command, in which he returned to England.

On his cross-examination nothing material came out, farther than that he described the conduct of the plaintiff

plaintiff to his wife as exceedingly distant and reserved at all times, and what appeared to him more than she deserved, as he thought there was no provocation on her part for such conduct. The witness said, that a Mr. Somerville and the Colonel were conversing together after the discovery, and the former observed, "you have made a remark which does you great honour as a man of sentiment and feeling. You said you were very sorry such a circumstance should occur to a man of Capt. Malcolm's character." The Colonel then observed, that she was a foolish, depraved, and vicious ——, and he was happy he had got rid of such a burthen; that she had a long time been throwing herself away, but that it was the greatest good fortune that could have happened to him, for he was thereby deprived of the irksome burthen of her.

This witness, in reply to a question from one of the jury, said that the conduct of Mrs. Shee was very bad in public; she was fawning to men in general, although never so in the presence of her husband.

William Somerville, Esq. Garrison Surgeon at the Cape of Good Hope, also a passenger in the Victorious to England, confirmed the former witness's testimony, as to being sent for by the plaintiff on the discovery of his wife's infidelity. He stated the conversation that passed nearly in the same terms as the former witness. Mrs. Shee had, as the plaintiff told him, expressed more than usual anxiety on that night, with respect to shutting some window shutters at the head of his bed; this caused him to suspect her; he pretended to be asleep, and after some time found she had quitted the room and gone to the defendant's cabin; and, *to make sure of his bird*, he followed, and found them in bed together. The witness then described the conversation that passed. On his cross-examination, he stated, that he had attended Mrs. Shee several times in hysteric fits; once in particular, she told him her illness was owing to the plaintiff's conduct. There was in her general conduct a great deal of levity.

It was endeavoured to be established by the defendant's counsel, that the marriage was not solemnized according to the rules and orders of the Dutch Commissary Consistorial Court at the Cape. This objection was over-ruled by the Learned Judge.

Mr. Sergeant Cockell then addressed the Jury in behalf of the defendant. He admitted a verdict must go against his client, though the damages, he trusted, would be merely nominal, as he should prove, by some letters written by the plaintiff to his wife, that he could not complain of the loss of her society, for these letters were expressive of the unhappy differences which existed between them.

The letters were then put in and proved. After which, Mr. Sergeant Shepherd replied, and Lord Alvanley summed up. His Lordship thought the plaintiff had not used due diligence to prevent his wife, whom it appeared had the most vicious tendencies, from throwing herself into the arms of the defendant. Under these circumstances, it would be for the Jury to say, what damages he could have a right to expect. He adverted to the circumstance of the correction used by the plaintiff to reclaim her from the vicious mode which she had adopted, and observed, that he wished British husbands to know that they were not justified in recurring to such measures.

The Jury retired a short time, and found a verdict for the plaintiff —Damages *Forty Shillings*.

Sheriff's Court, Nov. 26.

CRIM. CON.

DAVIS *v.* SMITH.

MR. GURNEY stated to the jury, that they were called upon to assess the damages in an action brought by the plaintiff against the defendant, for criminal conversation with his wife. The plaintiff was a clerk or book-keeper at one of the principal coffee-houses of this metropolis, and the defendant the proprietor of one of the short stages near town. The Learned Counsel expatiated on the dreadful injury a man sustained in being robbed of the affection and society of a woman with whom he was happily married; and observed, it was impossible for a jury to give any adequate satisfaction in damages for the violation of his domestic happiness and comfort.

The circumstances of the case were these: It had at first been supposed that the plaintiff's wife and the defendant became acquainted with each other, in consequence of her frequently coming to town in his coach; but, although it now appeared their intimacy had subsisted prior to such opportunities of intercourse, yet so secretly had they carried on their correspondence, that no suspicion was entertained of their criminality. In the month of February last, the plaintiff was afflicted with a fit of sickness, which confined him so long that he lost the situation he had before enjoyed. On his recovery, he went on a visit to a relation, and when he returned, retired to a watering place for the benefit of his health, and took his wife with him. In the month of May he received an anonymous letter, informing him his wife had been unfaithful to his bed during his illness. Not believing the imputation on her chastity, and wishing to discover who had slandered her, he wrote to a confidential friend to make inquiry into the truth of the report. The result of the inquiry was such, as to induce him to come to town with his wife, in whose virtue he still reposed so much confidence, that he resisted the impression of evidence of her guilt, which would have convinced any one not so partially disposed; but his doubts were at length removed by the discovery of a letter from his wife to the adulterer, which shewed that a criminal connection had long subsisted between them; and that while he was absent, the defendant had every day visited his wife, and slept with her three or four times. His distraction at the assurance of her inconstancy was more easy to be imagined than described.

The Learned Counsel urged to the jury, that the pecuniary damage sustained by a person in the plaintiff's situation, was far greater in proportion, than when such an injury was offered to a man of rank and fortune. He remarked, that the conduct of the plaintiff to his wife had ever been most kind and affectionate. The plaintiff had two children, the offspring of his union with his wife, and he had indulged the hope that they would have been pledges for the continuance of their mutual felicity and affection; but it was no small aggravation of the father's misery, that this infatuated and unhappy woman was far advanced in pregnancy, under circumstances which justified the strongest suspicion, that the adulterer was the parent of the infant she was on the eve of bringing into the world. The Learned Counsel concluded, by trusting, that a case

so

so calamitous as that of the plaintiff, would justify the jury in giving very exemplary damages.

The brother-in-law of the plaintiff proved the marriage in 1797; the husband was then twenty-four years of age, and the wife seventeen; it was a match of affection, with the consent of their parents and friends; they always appeared to live happily. The plaintiff was a man of an excellent disposition, pleasing manners, attentive to his wife, and remarkably fond of his children. Upon the receipt of the first intelligence of his wife's infidelity, he was agitated to such a degree that the witness thought he would have lost his senses.

A person at whose house the plaintiff and his wife lodged, and her servant, proved that the defendant was in the habit of calling almost every day upon Mrs. Davis, always choosing those hours at which it was certain the plaintiff's duty would exclude the possibility of his being at home. They also proved, that while the plaintiff was altogether absent, the defendant slept several nights with his wife. These witnesses described the plaintiff as a kind indulgent husband, never out of temper, and spending all his time with his wife and children, except when he was engaged in business.

Several other witnesses confirmed the character given of the plaintiff, with respect to his affectionate regard for his wife.

The defendant offered nothing in extenuation of his offence, either by counsel or otherwise.

The Sheriff summed up the evidence with impartiality, leaving the question of damages to the consideration of the jury, under all the circumstances of the case.

The jury retired about ten minutes, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages L.100.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE,

Instanced in a Trial, at the Court-house, Salford.

D—— *v.* K——

THIS was an action in trover, brought by the plaintiff, to recover a gold ring, and two silver table-spoons, which the plaintiff had presented to the defendant's wife, when that lady was in a state of widowhood, on condition of her giving her hand to the plaintiff. It appeared that the commencement of Mr. D's courtship to the widow,—then Mrs. B—was nine weeks after the decease of her first husband, when the parties were on a friendly journey together in a gig to Liverpool, in the last bathing season. That he succeeded so well in his suit before he reached Liverpool, as to procure her consent to have the *Gordian knot* tied in that town: the little golden magic circle was bought, and a couple of silver spoons, which attracted the lady's fancy, as preparatory to house-keeping. Upon inquiry, it appeared that the canon law precluded an immediate marriage, a certain time of residence being necessary on the part of the bridegroom: it was then proposed and agreed to, that the happy junction of hands should take place at Rochdale, and that Mr. D. should previously reside there one month: this was done; and Mr. D flew on the wings of affection to fetch his beloved from B——, for the purpose; where, from a feeling of delicacy, the lady would not be wed so early after the demise of her dear departed husband. On his entering the vicinity of B——, his ears were struck with the dulcet tones of the church bells; not knowing the cause, he thought perhaps Bonaparte

parte had been defeated, or some other great political blow had been struck; he was soon informed it was for a wedding: here Mr. D's heart danced in joyful union with the merry bells, anticipating the blissful moment of his own union; but, alas, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" Too soon did he learn that the marriage which the bells proclaimed, was no other than that of the very lady, for whose amiable person he had been performing a month's quarantine at Rochdale, to a Mr. K. a gentleman of B——, some years younger than Mr. D. This was the plaintiff's case; and he brought his action for the recovery of the ring and spoons. The defence set up was, that those articles were given as mere tokens of friendship, platonic symbols, distinct from any promise or condition of marriage whatever. The jury gave a verdict for Mr. D. to the full amount of the ring and spoons. The case was very ably argued by Mr. Hobrow, for Mr. D. and not less ably by Mr. Cross, for Mr. K.

Court of King's Bench, Guildhall.

RESTIVE HORSES — YORKSHIRE JOHN.

DAWSON *v.* THOMAS.

THIS was an action brought to recover the sum of 130 guineas, paid by the plaintiff for a pair of horses, warranted sound, and quiet in harness.

The plaintiff's coachman, Yorkshire John, as Mr. Garrow called him, stated, that shortly after the horses were purchased, he drove them to Windsor; they went very well, and manifested no other symptom of vicious dispositions, than throwing out or kicking when any thing passed them; but this he attributed to their youth and high blood, and thought it a fault which time and experience would correct. They continued to give satisfaction during a few days, but at length their untoward spirits broke forth— they refused to touch collar, jibbed, kicked, reared up, and instead of advancing with the carriage, they uniformly performed retrograde motions. Besides these indications of their bad dispositions, they would not suffer John, on any account to ride them. Whenever he attempted to use them as saddle-horses, they resisted every application of the whip and spur, and neither gentle words nor hard blows had any effect upon them. One of them, the youngest, threw John, and fell upon him, to the great danger of his life. In short, from the account he gave of them, two such untameable and wicked brutes never were put in harness. Such was John's description of the animals, and it was corroborated by several of his fellow servants. It appeared, that, upon the purchase, John had been presented with five pounds; but although the horses had been sent back, he had not thought proper to return the money. It was not, he said, customary for a Yorkshireman to return money if he could help it. On the part of the defendant, the picture was reversed. It was proved, that the horses had been regularly and properly broken in, and were as steady, tractable, and quiet creatures, as any man would wish to drive. They had been in the service of several persons of quality; and, among others, of Lord Henry Petty, Sir Henry Stratchey, Mrs. Baker, &c. consequently they had been much in the habit of attending theatres, the opera-house, concerts, routs, and a variety of places of public amusement. Upon all these occasions, they

they conducted themselves like well disposed horses; and although these were situations likely to excite the irritability of young horses, they never exhibited any of the bad qualities Yorkshire John had imputed to them. It was stated by one witness, an experienced whip, who happened to be at Kensington, where John baited, on the way to Windsor, that he observed the curb, gag, and other harness of the head, were too tight, and he told John it was impossible for them to get on, unless they were altered. At the request of John he did alter them, and the horses went off in as quiet and good a style as possible. It was also proved, that at the time they ran backwards with the carriage, they were buckled up in the same improper way; and further, that when John was riding them, he injudiciously used the whip and spur, a practise of all others most likely to irritate young horses. Lord Henry Petty, who sat upon the bench during the trial, declared, that the horses were uncommonly gentle, and carried him in perfect safety. The result of the examination of a great number of witnesses was, that the Yorkshire automaton was either deficient in point of ability or honesty, for it was clear that the horses, if properly harnessed, would have gone well: and consequently the plain inference was, that John did not know how to harness them, or he wished his master to return them and buy others; in which case, another *douceur* of five pounds would probably have fallen to his share.

Lord Ellenborough, in summing up the evidence, observed, that it was very extraordinary, as these horses had such a good character, that the plaintiff should not have tried them with another coachman.

The jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict for the defendant.

A PIG HUNT.

BERESFORD *v.* DARLEY.

THIS action was brought by Mrs. Ann Beresford, a widow, who had six children—five daughters and a son—and six pigs, and it was to recover damages for setting on a bull dog to worry one of the latter.

It appeared that the defendant, who was an opposite neighbour of Mrs. Beresford, at Barkingside, was continually at variance with her and her family, and took every opportunity of doing them unkind offices. His resentment was equally vented against the pigs, who, if ever they trespassed on his premises, were sure to smart severely for their temerity. One day they had strayed into his kitchen garden, and were busily employed in helping themselves to what it afforded, when the defendant, who had watched their motions, surprised them. He let them all out but one, and, calling his large yard dog, encouraged him to seize the poor victim. The dog did not require much invitation, but instantly caught it by the throat. The plaintiff's son described the scene; he said he had observed the defendant turn the pigs out of his garden, and at first supposed he had released them all, but in a few moments he heard the pig squeak in a dreadful manner; he ran towards the defendant's garden, where he beheld him clapping the dog on the back, and the pig pleading in vain for mercy. The witness got the animal away, took him home to his sty, and placed him in a clean bed of straw, where he was properly attended, and medical assistance provided. The pig languished during ten days, at the expiration of which period he died. The facts being clearly proved, the jury, by their verdict, pronounced the dog

guilty

guilty of the wilful murder of the pig; and awarded damages against the defendant, as accessary before the fact, to the amount of forty-five shillings.

The verdict entitles the plaintiff to her costs; consequently it will be well for the defendant if he has not to pay more than fifty pounds for his pig hunt.

DASHING DECORATIONS;

OR,

PAPER HANGING IN PROFUSION.

TRICKER AND HENDERSON *v.* BOGLE FRENCH, ESQ.

THE plaintiffs are upholsterers, and have a warehouse in New Bond-street. The defendant is a merchant of eminence in the city. The latter had built a villa of considerable splendour and beauty in the vicinity of Dulwich, and was disposed to revive the magnificence of the Luculli of ancient times, or of the Racamiers of modern story. His lady was endowed with extraordinary taste, and two apartments in this mansion were to be decorated under her immediate and exclusive orders. The style of ornament which her inventive imagination had proposed, seemed more suited to the fairy fingers of poetic fiction, than to the clumsy productions of human effort. It will scarcely be credited, that the expence of the papering of one room, and small cabinet, which modern affectation has called a Boudoir, amounted to one hundred and sixty-three pounds. All the embellishments of art and science were introduced into these apartments; pilasters in style of the Grecian architecture, with capitals glowing with gold, supported the roof; festoons of flowers sustained by vine leaves waved in the upper regions of the apartment; and pendent branches that seemed to be supplied by nature herself invited the hand, and disappointed the grasp of the observer: even the doors of the apartments successfully practised the same deception. The votary having entered this Temple of the Muses, all possibility of exit appeared to be denied; the artifices of the lovely Calypso were successfully imitated, and the son of Ithaca could no way escape. It seems, that the ingenuity of taste and parade of magnificence displayed on this occasion, were a little animated by the fever of ambition. The elegance of the apartments of Mrs. Shawe, in this neighbourhood, had attracted general admiration; and the mortification could not be endured, that the beauty of her residence should exceed that of the present candidate for public applause and private envy. All the artists were in consequence directed to leave no question on comparative merit. The embellishments of Mrs. Shawe's apartments were not to be mentioned in the same day with those of Mrs. French. It would be a cruel situation to leave all the pleasures of the descriptive with which this lady has furnished us, for the clamour of lawyers, and the quibbles of logic; and from this we are relieved by the nature of the question. Mr. Erskine did what he could to shew the charge to be enormous; he was, however, unsuccessful; and the merchant, his opulent client, was obliged to pay for the delight of this Elysium, which the creative fancy of his fair Juno had prepared for his reception. Mr. Garrow for the plaintiff proved the work performed, and the felicity of taste and execution in its completion, when the Jury, under the direction of Lord Ellenborough, gave their verdict for the plaintiff.

DISPUTED

DISPUTED PAYMENT FOR CARRIAGES.

HATCHETT AND CO. *v.* RUTHERFORD, ESQ.

THIS action was brought by Mr. Hatchett and his Partners, who are eminent coachmakers in Long Acre, to recover L.255, 16s. which was due to them from Lieut. Colonel Rutherford, for carriages.

Colonel Rutherford being, in the year 1801, about to set out as surveyor-general to the island of Trinidad, in the West Indies, ordered two carriages of the plaintiffs, which were to be paid for in ready money. When the carriages were ready, they sent in their bill, upon the back of which Colonel Rutherford wrote an order, directed to Turnbull, Forbes, and Co. desiring them to pay the within as usual. This was on the 15th of September, 1801. When the plaintiffs' agent called on Messrs. Turnbull and Co. they told him they had not then any money in their hands of Colonel Rutherford's, and desired him to call again after Christmas. When he called after Christmas, he received no satisfactory answer.

This business went on till the month of July, when the plaintiffs obtained of Messrs. Turnbull and Co. a bill of two months for their demands; but unfortunately, before that bill became due, Messrs. Turnbull and Co. became insolvent; and the question was, whether the plaintiffs were entitled to recover this money of Colonel Rutherford; or whether, by giving Turnbull and Co. so much indulgence, so much time to pay this demand, the plaintiffs had not taken them for their paymasters?

As to the order given by Col. Rutherford, as it was neither a banker's check, nor a note payable on demand, it ought to have had a stamp to make it evidence; and as it had no stamp it could not be read. But it appeared from the evidence of Mr. Turnbull, that if they had been urged for the money by the plaintiffs, they would certainly have paid them before July. They had paid every other order of Col. Rutherford but that; and they had then a warrant from Government, on account of Col. Rutherford, for L.10,000, which they afterwards received.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that he was most clearly of opinion, the defendant was entitled to a verdict. When Col. Rutherford gave the plaintiffs an order on Turnbull and Co. the plaintiffs gave him a receipt for the money as if it had been paid; and then they gave Turnbull and Co six months farther time; and Mr. Turnbull had sworn, if they had urged them for money, by telling them they would either apply to the Treasury, or to Col. Rutherford himself, they would certainly have been paid.

The Jury found a verdict for the defendant.

HORSE BOUGHT BY PRIVATE CONTRACT.

HELYAR, *v.* HON. MARTIN HAWKE.

THIS action was brought by the plaintiff against the defendant, a gentleman of fortune, grandson of Lord Hawke, to recover the sum

sum of fifty guineas paid for a horse, not answering to the description given of it at the time of sale. The defendant had sent a horse to the stables of Mr. Tattersal, to be sold either by private contract, or by public auction. The horse was entered in Mr. Tattersal's Auction Catalogue, as "No. 35, a chesnut gelding, seven years old, by Herod." Mr. Helyar observing Mr. Hawke's groom with a horse, took a fancy to it, and bought it by private contract before it had been submitted to the chance of the hammer. Mr. Tattersal deposed as to the entry of the horse in his bill of sale, under the description given. On Mr. Tattersal observing, that after the mark was out, he could not tell the age of a horse between seven and seventeen—Mr. Gibbs said, "You see me now, Mr. Tattersal, under an enormous wig, and in the cumberant trappings of my profession, and therefore, in respect to horse-flesh, you may take me for a Dove." "No one," replied Mr. Erskine, "would suppose my learned friend a Dove; but, however, this Dove shall find my client a Hawke."—While Mr. Gibbs was inquiring into the dexterous practice technically termed Bishopping, Mr. Lord was called as one of his witnesses. Mr. Erskine retorted, "Now he has done with the Bishop, he has come to the Baron." Mr. Gibbs proceeded gravely to support the ground of objections to the purchase, that the horse was of a very advanced age; that although warranted quiet, he was vicious; and that therefore he was entitled to the verdict of the jury. This statement, from the brief not being supported by the evidence,

Mr. Erskine for the defendant, declined addressing the jury, or producing any witnesses.—Verdict for the defendant.

TRESPASS AND ASSAULT.

Common Pleas—Guildhall, Dec. 8.

BATTERSBY *v.* WALKER.

THE case as it appeared in evidence was this—The plaintiff, in company with the defendant and a Mr. Oliver, proceeded in the chaise of the former, from the plaintiff's house in Fox-lane, Shadwell, in order to be present at a dinner given to celebrate Sir Francis Burdett's election for Middlesex, at the Mermaid Tavern, Hackney. The defendant, conceiving himself to be a better whip than his friend, upon mounting the seat of the chaise, assumed the reigns of government, and insisted upon driving to Hackney. His friend remonstrated with him, observing, that the horse was vicious, and no other person could or should drive him. The defendant was obstinate, and refused to resign his newly usurped power. A scuffle ensued; the horse began to plunge and kick, which alarmed Mr. Oliver, who jumped out; the plaintiff perceiving it was in vain to contend any longer with his adversary, resolved to become a *walker* himself, and followed the example of his friend Oliver. The defendant finding himself disengaged from the immediate controul of the rightful owner of the vehicle, set off at full speed. The two descendants of the buggy waited a considerable time for his return, and after walking some distance, and finding the usurper did not return, resolved to take a hackney coach, and by this mode of conveyance arrived at the place of destination just as the company were seated at table; no trace, however, of the chaise was to be seen on the road, nor had the defendant

fendant arrived at the Mermaid. This had such an effect on the plaintiff's stomach, that, according to the witness's account, he was not pleasant all the day. This was the trespass and assault complained of.

It was admitted the horse and chaise was sent home in a few hours after the plaintiff left his house.

On the part of the defendant, it was stated, that the parties in this action were intimate friends for upwards of thirty years; that the action was brought from motives of spleen and revenge, because the defendant had taken the part of a person who was formerly partner with the plaintiff.

Several witnesses were called to prove that the plaintiff had given an indefinite licence to the defendant to use the chaise for any time he pleased. The evidence which they gave, however, was not satisfactory to the minds of the Jury, who found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages Forty Shillings.

FRAUDULENT CONSPIRACY.

Old Bailey, December 3.

JOHN EDWARDS and Samuel Clark were indicted for unlawfully conspiring to defraud Alexander Solomons, by selling him a horse as sound, which afterwards proved to be glandered.

Mr. Knapp called the prosecutor, by whose evidence the transaction appeared as follows—Solomons is a Jew taylor, residing in Stoney Lane, Houndsditch. On the 9th of July he went to Smithfield, in company with Harris, a Jew lawyer, to buy a horse; when they arrived in the market, a boy was riding a horse for shew that looked very sightly, and likely to answer the prosecutor's purpose; the defendants, as the owners, were asked the price. Edwards, with two others, one of whom was Clark, said he would not sell the horse for less than nine guineas; Solomons offered L.8, and the third person, whose name was Riley, observed, he would give seven, which Edwards would not consent to, as the gentleman, meaning the prosecutor, had priced it higher; the bargain being made, the horse was booked by the clerk of the market, the defendant Clark vouching for the soundness of the horse. The money having been paid, Edwards gave his direction, in case of future application, No. 1, Sharp's Alley, Chick Lane; and Solomons gave a boy half-a-crown to lead the horse home. They had hardly proceeded through the market, when a boy came up with them, and exclaimed—"Ah! Moses, you're done! Cunning little Isaac, you're taken in! the horse is glandered." This information induced the wise Solomons to conduct the bad bargain back to Edwards' stable, where he left it; and the next morning found the animal running at the nose so fast, that the stall wherein he had been placed was afterwards obliged to be whitewashed, and new boarded, to prevent the infection from reaching any other horse that might come in the stable.

On this discovery, the taylor—done over—and lawyer, went in search of No. 1, Sharp's Alley, and the defendants, but could neither discover the place nor the parties, until they accidentally entered a public house in Cow Cross, where Edwards and Riley were drinking. Solomons, on seeing them, said,

 "You

"You have taken me in; the horse is glandered; give me back my money:" to which Edwards answered, looking at the horse standing at the door—"Lord! how the horse runs at the nose; it is not mine; it belongs to a friend; and I did say when you bought it, if you did not approve of it in a fortnight, I would take it again." The horse was therefore delivered, but the money was not returned, the defendant not having so much cash; but promised to restore the same shortly. Failing, however, to do so, Solomons and Harris the attorney were enraged to find themselves duped by a brace of green Yorkshire horse-dealers, therefore were determined to bring the law on their backs; and, after the necessary steps had been taken to indict them for a conspiracy, they were taken into custody on the 29th of July.

The court were of opinion, after the above facts had been proved, that the defendants did not come under the indictment, an agreement having been entered into to return the money if the horse was not approved of; which the prosecutor could have recovered by bringing the parties into a civil court of justice. The Jury therefore were directed to acquit them.

PHILOSOPHICAL STRICTURES ON CARD PLAYING.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is my opinion, but I do not expect all your readers to subscribe to it, that mankind, especially in Europe, are grown more gentle, more social, less wicked, and less unhappy, than they were before card playing became their favourite amusement; and therefore I cannot help attributing this reformation in their manners to the natural tendency and influence of this kind of diversion.

Before the epoch of cards, there was less union between the sexes; I mean, they were less together, less in society or company. The men were more so: the meetings in clubs and taverns were more in vogue; convivial drinking formed more connections, more friendship; the heaviness of time, which is one of the most powerful causes of the unfolding of human perfectability, excited men to cultivate their talents, to apply themselves to study, to labour at the arts, to cabal, to project conspiracies. Politics were the subject of the conversations which leisure, and a kind of necessity of passing away the time, produced; they censured the government; they complained of it, they conspired against it; and there were, on such occasions, friends to be found who might be trusted: the great virtues and the great vices were more common. Then again—the men in those days, not having, by means of the talisman of cards, the opportunity of satiating their eyes with the charms of women, in full counterview to them over the green carpet—friendship and love were passions. But, at present, thanks to those same cards, there is little more left than gallantry: there may be found plenty of acquaintances and not a single friend; a number of mistresses, and not one beloved.

I would not, however, be supposed not aware of the ill which the rage of play has done with regard to both sexes. I readily allow, that much ill has been done by the rage of play; and I will also allow, that while card playing has freed us from the principal vices of our

our forefathers, it has also stripped us of some of their greater virtues: but there have, I think, resulted, upon the whole, from the universal prevalence of this amusement, advantages which may balance the mischief, and even, upon the whole, preponderate.

The sedentary life to which this eternal amusement reduces the two sexes, enervates the body; whence, both in the natural and moral state of man, there results a new system of manners, temper, and constitution. The magic of card playing, forms the common point of concourse of almost all the passions in miniature. They all, as one may say, find in it their nourishment. Every thing, indeed, is microscopical, and more illusive than the common illusion. A confused idea of good and bad luck presents itself: vanity finds its account in it; play seems to establish a false shew of equality among the players; it is the call that assembles in society the most discordant, the most incongruous individuals: avarice and ambition are its movements; the universal taste for pleasure flatters itself with procuring its satisfaction by this amusement: the ladies being of the party, that love, of which gallantry takes the name to no purpose, must be so too; the sphere of our passions becomes contracted, concentrated, and confined to a petty orbit; all the passions put themselves in chains, or evaporate and exhaust themselves far from their spring head, and wide of their mark.

Time heavily oppressing, leisure, laziness, avarice, and ambition, devour, together, in common, a light unsubstantial food, which enervates their force and activity; and as it is from the fermentation of the great passions that there commonly results more of evil than of good, human kind has gained more than it has lost. There are no longer great virtues; but then we do not see so many great crimes as formerly. Assassinations, poison, and all the horrors of a civil war, are incompatible with the state of a nation, in which the men and women lose a very great part of their time at cards. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

J—— K——.

Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 7th.

PAVEMENT LAW.

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN riding, I find the law of the road generally understood, and am seldom annoyed by any one's attempting to pass me on my left. I much wish to enjoy the same convenience in walking, and am at a loss to tell why the regulation of the metropolis should not be adopted in country towns.

Pray inform your readers, that it is the fashion of London, for all pedestrians, male or female, when their right shoulders are to the wall, to take that side, or, as your country friends may erroneously call it, to take the upper hand; and when they know this, I hope none of them will be so unpolite as to deviate from the fashion. The full establishment of this regulation will not only be accommodating to the sons of industry, in pursuit of their object; but it will prevent many ridiculous rencontres among loungers, in shifting from side to side of the pavement, and butting half a dozen times against each other, before they can choose on which side to pass. Your's, &c.

AMBULATOR.

RUSSIAN

RUSSIAN RACES.

AT St. Petersburg, on Wednesday, June 1, 1803, a sweepstakes of 100 roubles each, for all ages, 8st.

Mr. Vernon's chesnut mare, Rebecca — —	1
Mr. Fanizon's br. gelding	2
Mr. Moneshare's ch. mare, rode by Black George —	3
Mr. Parlin's bay mare —	4

On Wednesday, June 8, a sweepstakes of 50 roubles each, 8st. Two heats in three.

Mr. Parlin's bay mare —	1	1
Mr. Fanizon's brown gelding	2	2
Mr. Kirby's grey crop —	3	dr

Same day, a sweepstakes of 100 roubles each, 7st. 7lb.

Mr. Parlin's bay mare —	1
Mr. Fanizon's grey mare —	2
Mr. Vernon's grey mare —	3

On Wednesday, June 15, Mr. Kirby's grey crop, rode by James Cook, beat Mr. Fanizon's brown gelding, 8st. each, 500 roubles each. Even betting.

On Wednesday, June 29, Mr. Kirby's grey crop, rode by James Cook, beat Mr. Parlin's bay mare, 7st. 7lb. each, 100 roubles each. Even betting.

On Wednesday, July 7, Mr. Kirby's bay mare, rode by James Cook, beat Mr. Vernon's chesnut mare Rebecca, 8st. each, 500 roubles each. 5 to 4 on Rebecca.

On Wednesday, July 21, Mr. Regall's bay mare beat Mr. Moneshare's chesnut mare, rode by Black George, 8st. each, for 200 roubles each. Even betting.

STRIKING OUTLINES OF CHARACTER.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING had the pleasure of contributing, as a sporting correspondent and constant subscriber, to the successful circulation of your very interesting Miscellany, from the moment of its appearance, I lay claim to the privilege of troubling you with a few remarks, under the appellation of Vicissitudes, or, the "Ups and Downs of Life," which diurnally meet the eye, in the routine of equestrian or pedestrian observation. Whether every thing is or is not right, I do not at the present moment, mean to investigate; but positively and indisputably certain it is, that I constantly see those who were stigmatized as "strumpets," by the acts of adultery, proved in the different courts, confirmed by the subsequent sentence of divorce, now restored to their virtue, or their virtue restored to them, by the absolutionary repetition of the ceremony of marriage with the original adulterer. "O, shame, where is thy blush!" And when I see those who were the most notorious demireps, now riding in the blazoned vehicles of the great and opulent, decorated with the legal appellation of "wives," I almost involuntarily exclaim—"O dignity, where is thy degradation!" and drop a tear upon the sensual weakness of human nature. Not, however, being at this moment the least disposed to religious animadversion, I shall postpone the analization of such contrarieties to a future discussion, and only give you a delineation of a few living characters, remarkable

remarkable for the effect of Folly—Fortune—Industry—Frugulity—or Impudence and False Consequence.

Argus—metaphors, Gentlemen, are allowable upon all necessary occasions—was within my memory journeyman to a cheesemonger: he is now the perfect master of L.20,000; and, what is more extraordinary, he acquired it in a little paltry country town within fifteen miles of London; and, to render it matter of greater admiration, this was done in a house and shop where three predecessors had neither industry nor economy to keep it open. He acted upon these excellent principles—He never let another do that for him which he could do for himself: he never let that alone till to-morrow which he could do to-day: and he never let five guineas lay at rest that could he prudently brought into use; it was always ready for a fat hog or a lean cow. This gentleman has long since retired from trade, and is a most worthy recluse member of society; and recommends it to his friends never to give dinners nor suppers, because they are expensive, and keep families up late. N. B. He always wipes the dust from his hat with a pocket handkerchief, very sagaciously observing, " a brush wears it out."

Fortunatus keeps two four-wheeled carriages, and I frequently meet him upon a hackney; but he is invariably alone. Five-and-thirty years since, I used to see him at all the races, on foot, and covered with dust. This I have thought the more extraordinary, as I am but ill qualified for speculation.

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were bankers some months since in different conspicuous streets of the metropolis; at present I do not know where to find them, and if I did, it might probably prove to very little purpose; as they would most likely not be prepared to " pay the bearer."

At the very moment of commencing my history of Vicissitudes, *alias* Contrarieties, I observe in the " Racing Calendar," Sam Chifney, of turf celebrity, has announced a Two Pound publication, intituled, " Genius Genuine;" when I have taken a peep into which, you shall hear more at large, in continuation of the " Ups and Downs," from

Your constant reader,

Oct. 18, 1803. SENEX.

CURIOUS AMUSEMENTS AT MALTA.

AMONG the many festivals observed by the Maltese in honour of their saints; none is celebrated with such gaiety as the anniversary of St. Paul, on the 29th of June. Early on the morning of that day, all the inhabitants of Malta who can possibly go, repair to Citta Vecchia to offer homage to the Saint, the patron and protector of that island: and visit the grotto in which he resided for three months after his shipwreck on their shore. The nobility and gentry ride in carriages, each of which carries four persons, and is drawn by a mule. There are between two and three hundred of these vehicles in Malta, clumsily built, but well calculated for the steep and uneven roads of the country. The peasantry, both men and women, either walk or ride on mules, or asses. The country lasses are dressed out in their gayest attire, which they conceal beneath a black silk petticoat from the waist downwards, and by a similar petticoat, with which they cover the

head,

head, and upper part of the body, leaving only the face to be seen. This curious dress is not peculiar to the lower order alone: every description of women at Malta who appear in public, are habited in the same manner; except on some very particular occasions, when the ladies adopt either the French or English fashions. On this day the swains vie with the fair ones in the neatness of their apparel, which consists of a satin jacket, of whatever colour fancy dictates, ornamented with silver buttons, which hang pendulous on the garment. A white pair of trowsers neatly fringed at the bottom, a cloth cap of a conical form worn on either side of the head, fancy-coloured shoes calculated for dancing, the upper parts of which are covered with large silver buckles, that reach from the instep to the toes. By six, all the people are assembled in the old city, and a grand procession commences, composed of the bishop and the clergy, with all the insignia of the Holy Order. The procession being over, prayers are read in the different chapels: but divine service is performed in a superior style at St. Paul's cathedral. The bishop, decorated in his robes, and crowned with the valuable mitre, preaches a sermon in the Italian language, adapted to the occasion. The music and singing is so enchanting, that it inspires every heart with devotion. After having offered up their prayers, and invoked their saint and patron to pour down his benign influence on them, the people then proceed, about eleven o'clock, in crowds to a beautiful valley, which is situated in the centre of the island, and is called Bosquetto, from the number of orange trees, fig trees, &c. with which it is shaded. Thither each peasant family previously sends an excellent dinner, made up of such delicacies as the country affords. On their arrival, each little party forms a circle under the shade of a fig or orange tree; where they feast on those luxuries which their honest industry allows them to indulge in once a year. Here the simple and innocent fair ones, divesting themselves of those sable coverings with which they were hitherto enveloped, display all their finery and charms. The fluctuating fashions of the great have no influence on the mode of their dress, which has been handed down unaltered for many generations, from the mothers to their daughters. A very long waist, with a stomacher ornamented with embroidery and tinsel, is the most striking part of it. The hair is combed smoothly back from the forehead, which makes their countenances appear open and ingenuous.

While the people are regaling themselves, the avenues which intersect this delightful grove are crowded with the nobility and gentry who go here on that day to enjoy the shady bowers of Bosquetto, and witness the happiness that reigns on every countenance. The sound of music is now heard in different directions. Round each performer a crowd assembles, where four young men dance in active movements, to the sprightly Maltese airs. The girls do not join in this amusement: they look on and give frequent nods of approbation to their lovers. When one of the party becomes fatigued, he is relieved by another; and thus the dance is continued for hours: but the tunes are often varied. It is curious to observe how these sports contribute to expand the heart, and excite the liberality of those who partake of them. The spectator, as well as the dancer, in the enthusiasm of his pleasure, will frequently run up to the musician,

sician, and interrupt his performance, by slipping a small piece of money into his hand. While some amuse themselves by dancing, or by looking at the dancers, the attention of others are arrested by poetic swains, who, like those described in one of Virgil's eclogues, are singing the praises of their mistresses in alternate verses. Of the merit of the poetry, an Englishman can form no judgment, being totally ignorant of the language in which it is delivered; and which is that corrupt species of Arabic spoken by all the common people. The music to which the verses are sung, is wild, original, and inharmonious. The manner of their performance is this:—Two rustics, standing at a distance from each other, place their hands behind their ears: one begins, and sings his verse, which is answered by the other: it becomes a contest for pre-eminence; he whose fund of verses is first exhausted, loses the victory: his competitor is then crowned with flowers and orange branches, amidst the acclamations of the enraptured multitude. Now and then a young man is seen walking through the throng, who stops suddenly, and bursts into a loud, unmeaning fit of laughter, the cause of which the writer of these remarks could not learn.

The fashionable part of this assembly having passed an hour or two in contemplating this happy scene of rural felicity, return to Citta Vecchia, where they spend the remainder of the day with the parties they have formed.

The curious observer who sits on an impending rock, and views the prospect below him, thinks he sees one of those charming fairy scenes, so elegantly painted in romances, realised. A Maltese female is so partial to the amusements of Bosquetto, that, before she gives her hand to her lover, he must solemnly promise to take her thither every year on the return of this festival.

The day being nearly spent in this innocent manner, free from those acts of riot and drunkenness, so common in other countries at public meetings, the people come back to the old city, where races of asses, mules, and horses, close the scene. This, by way of a farce, is the most laughable part: a road leading from the country to the city forms the race course, which is lined with crowds of females. On a balcony near the winning post are placed staffs with silken colours flying: these are presented by the bishop to the victors, of which they make a dress for the ensuing anniversary. The ass race first begins: this animal is of an uncommon size and peculiar beauty at Malta. As many competitors may enter the lists as have asses: at a signal given they start nearly a mile from the winning post, and when they arrive at about an hundred yards from the goal, the crowd on the road is so great, that they cannot advance a step farther. The friends of each ass gather round him; some pull him forward by the ears, others push him behind; some try to carry him to the winning post, while others of the opposite party endeavour to oppose his progress. At length some fortunate party, amidst opposition, shouting, bustle, and confusion, carries off the prize, to the no small amusement of every one present. The second ass gets a prize of an inferior quality. The mule and horse races are conducted after the same manner. Night by this time comes on a-pace, and every one returns home, well pleased with the amusements of the day, which affords a topic of conversation for a week after.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

BEING a constant reader and subscriber to your popular publication, the Sporting Magazine, and observing you occasionally admit of anecdotical matter, perhaps you may have no objection to the insertion of the following Anecdote of the late David Garrick, Esq.

When this celebrated actor was performing a capital character in tragedy, in which Mr. Thomas Hurst—who was a brandy merchant—took a part, Mr. Garrick, conceiving Hurst too tame to support him, reproved him publicly on the stage, in the following manner: —"Mr. Hurst, if you will put MORE *British spirit* into your *acting*, and LESS in your *brandy*, you may send me *two gallons* to-morrow morning." Whether the brandy merchant was offended or not, I cannot presume to say; but he did not, however, forget the order, which he sent the following day; writing at the bottom of the bill of parcels—"As per your order last night, on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre."

That this then modern Roscius had his attachments and friendships, notwithstanding his seeming illiberality towards Hurst, is at this time evinced by a living witness, whom he set up in a snuff shop some years ago, and recommended —on the stage—that article, universally known by the name of No. 37, in such a manner, that it became the fashionable snuff of the day, and even continues to be so at this time; by which means the fabricator was enabled to get rid of all his difficulties, and retire with an ample fortune, which he now enjoys in ease and comfort, to the benefit of all his neighbours, as well rich as poor, to the latter of which he is a great friend and encourager.

It may not, perhaps, in this place, be amiss to say, that though he allows no neighbours to encroach or shoot on his manor, yet such is his veneration for a "citizen of London," he admits all of that description to partake of the game that may be found there, and of which your friend has more than once been a party. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

ANECDOTUS.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE JOHN ELLIS, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, who was, perhaps, better known by the name of Jack Ellis, had been educated with a view to the polite arts, and had studied under an eminent painter; but not finding this sedentary profession suit his volatile talents, he had left it, and for some time pursued a desultory course of life. Necessity probably forced him to take up his pen; and having, by his political writings, attracted some notice, and, by being what was then termed "a violent party man," much more, he was employed as agent in an election, which was not only strongly contested on the spot, but the proceedings were, on the ground of some irregularity, brought by petition before the whole House of Commons.

To the bar of the House Jack Ellis was brought, on the part of the petitioning candidate, where he underwent a cross-examination, of which

which the following is the substance:—

"We understand, Mr. Ellis, that a very considerable sum was expended in this election, and that great part of it was directed to the purpose of corrupting the voters. Do you know of any such application of money, or of any bribes being actually accepted on the part of the electors?"

"Indeed, Sir, I do: as agent, I know that *our party* bribed all that we could get to accept our money!"

At this acknowledgment, a pause of astonishment seemed to pervade the House; a murmur succeeded, which only subsided upon a member's saying to the witness—"Your party did not carry the election?"

"No," returned Ellis, with great composure, "we did not."

"Well, but Mr. Ellis," said the first querist, "is it not extraordinary, as you say you bribed all that would take your money, that you did not return your member?"

"Not in the least," said Ellis.

"No: why, how do you account for it?"

"Easily!" replied Ellis: "the opposite party *out-bribed* us."

At this there was an universal burst of laughter.

"I shall not ask you any more questions, Mr. Ellis," said the interrogator, with great indignation.

ELFI BEY'S STATE CARRIAGE.

THE Mameluke Chief, some time since, expressed a wish to have a carriage built to take with him to his own country, and the taste of the Prince of Wales was consulted with respect to the construction. The plans proposed were agreed upon, and Messrs. Stoddart and Benwell, of South Audley Street, received the order. When the carriage was completed, and submitted to public inspection, South Audley Street was, during the whole of that day, crowded with carriages. All the fashionables in town have been to see it: among the most distinguished, were the Duchess of Leeds and her very accomplished nieces, the Misses Anguish; the Earl and Countess of Cardigan, Lord and Lady George Cavendish, and the Earl of Aylesford. The Duke of York also went with a party of gentlemen.

Elfi Bey, when he gave the order, desired that the carriage might be built as light as possible, and in the eastern taste. To comply with this order, the original plan was altered, from a close carriage to an open one. It now nearly resembles a curricle with a canopy head.

The body is painted a fine sky blue, with the arms of his Excellency beautifully painted on the quarter pannels, with a superb mantle introducing the various trophies of war, elegantly designed and emblazoned. Above the arms is a Mameluke mounted on a charger, fully accoutred, and in proper costume. On the hind pannel is a Mameluke also mounted, but on a larger scale, with the trophies of war underneath. On the foot-board is an emblematical design of the sun at the meridian, encircled with the trophies of war. Round the whole of the carriage is a rich gold border, executed with uncommon elegance; the whole is very highly varnished. The lining is at once elegant and superb; it is a very rich purple velvet, trimmed with broad silk lace. The canopy is supported by a rich frame, orna-

 mented

mented by gold and silver, the roof of which is lined with an elegant crimson and white cut velvet, ornamented with festoons of yellow silk, with purple silk fringe. The carriage is painted dark blue, picked out with colours to correspond, and elegantly ornamented with gold; patent axle trees.

ELECTION
OF
TWO KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.

ON Friday, November 25th, about a quarter before one, his Majesty arrived at St. James's Palace from the Queen's House, for the purpose of holding a Chapter for this election, and disposing of two Garters and Ribbons, vacant by the deaths of the Duke of Beaufort and the Marquis of Stafford.

At one o'clock, the time appointed for holding the Chapter, his Majesty, with his usual punctuality to time, inquired if the Knights were ready; but the necessary arrangements were not made, nor was there a sufficient number of Knights assembled.

About two o'clock, it was announced, that all was in readiness to proceed to hold the Chapter, and his Majesty entered the Great Council Chamber. On his entrance, the Knights assembled and the proper officers bowed to his Majesty; and his Majesty, as head of the Order, took his seat in a most superb chair before the throne, at the head of a long table covered with crimson velvet; the Duke of Norfolk, as Hereditary Marshal of England, with his Gold Staff of Office, took his official situation, and stood on the left side of the King; his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester took his seat at the table on the right side; the Dukes of York, Kent, and Cambridge, followed on the same side: his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence took his seat on the left side of his Majesty, and was followed by the Duke of Richmond, Earl Westmoreland, Earl Chatham; and the other Knights present took their seats in the following order, according to their seniority—

Marquis of Salisbury, Duke of Portland, Earl Spencer, Earl Camden, and the Duke of Roxburgh.

After the usual forms were gone through, of opening the Chapter, by the Bishop of Winchester, as the Prelate, the Bishop of Salisbury, as Chancellor of the Order, and Sir Isaac Heard, Garter Principal King at Arms, the Knights proceeded, according to ancient custom, to deliver in the list of those they approved to fill the two vacancies, on slips of paper; and, on examination, his Grace the Duke of Rutland, and the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, appeared to be the noble personages approved as members of the Noble Order; when the Earl Camden and the Duke of Roxburgh retired, and introduced his Grace the Duke of Rutland, who was waiting in an adjoining room. The Dukes of Gloucester and York then rose, and taking his Grace by the hands, conducted him to his Majesty; when his Grace, kneeling on a stool covered with crimson velvet, his Majesty waved a sword over his head, with the usual form and ceremony. His Grace rose and bowed, and then kneeling, with his right knee upon the stool their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Gloucester put the garter on his left knee, and his Majesty fastened it. His Grace then rose, and while bowing, his Majesty put the blue ribbon over

his Grace's head, and placed it on his left shoulder; his Grace then bowed again.

The Noble Duke was dressed in regimentals of the Leicester Militia, of which his Grace is Commander.

Sir Isaac Heard then called over the list of all the members of the Noble Order; and those present answered to their names; which finished the ceremony.

The spectacle was very grand; all the Royal and Noble Members wore their collars.

None were admitted but in full Court dresses.

AN OVER-RODE HOBBY.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

A THOUSAND apologies for the liberty of obtruding myself upon you, without the pleasure of being personally known; but I trust I shall stand in a certain degree exculpated from the accusation of presumption, when I have stated the serious cause of my domestic disquietude. Most men are observed to have a *hobby horse* of some kind or other, but it is a most serious mortification to be eternally forced upon him, when neither mind nor body are disposed to ride. Hospitality, conviviality, and an insatiable anxiety to entertain my friends and make them happy, have been the predominant passions and practice of my life; the spare bed; the vacant stall, and the welcome bottle, have constituted, for five-and-thirty years past, the cement by which my society has been adhesively formed. No one man, who had worth to recommend him, ever found difficulty in procuring a seat at my table, or a place in my affections; so that you will conclude, amidst the deceptions to which we sooner or later are mostly destined to become dupes, I have seldom or ever been long free from fashionable depredators of gormandizing description. So much has this easy mode of access enlarged my circle of acquaintance, in attracting my friend's friend, or rather my list of hangers on, that there is hardly a single hour in any day of the week, that my habitation is free from these harpies of visiting voracity; and on a Sunday, the unlimited and unexpected influx of motley obtruders, has given my house no ill similitude to the drinking booth of a country fair.

Formerly the number of my friends were within the limits of prudence and discretion, in proportion to my moderate income; but each of my originals has so "o'erstepped the bounds of modesty," in bringing one after another, that I have now no alternative but to put a period to this prostitution of pretended friendship, or to make my public procession to a prison, and finish my hospitality in a jail. That, in sporting language, the saddle may be put upon the right horse, I must confess, it is to a few limbs of the law, I consider myself principally indebted for so unforeseen an accumulation of truly disinterested friendship; for, although I could boast originally of only two of this description, they have by their own indefatigable industry and exertion, in bringing two or three at a time to dinner in a friendly way, rendered my habitation as familiar to two-thirds of the inhabitants of the different Inns of Court, as Garrick's Head in Bow-street, is to the frequenters of the theatres. In corroborative proof of this assertion, it is no more than three Sundays since, that sitting down

down to dinner with three of my own family, with an additional four present by invitation, no less than seven volunteers rotationally made their unexpected appearance, who also enjoyed their plates and partition. The cloth had but just been withdrawn, when three more were introduced, and took their wine in course, that the bottle might not be obstructed in its circulation. That I may not be suspected of exaggeration, I shall avoid descending to a minutia of extravagant confidence in the parties that would hardly be believed—in gratifying their voracious appetites in every way it is possible to conceive—to recite a circumstance that would have been an indelible disgrace even to the memory of Justice Guttle, that industrious magistrate of eating celebrity. A few days since, two equitable solicitors from the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn, called in accidentally just as dinner was coming upon table, and having neatly monopolized the greater part of a couple of fowls, with a few inferior collaterals, washed them down with a bottle each man, and intersected the whole with a profusion of fruit of every kind in season.—They thought they had not sufficiently honoured me and my family without a walk in the garden; where, totally unasked, they modestly condescended to put a dozen prime peaches and nectarines into each of their pockets.

As the younger of these is a constant reader of your very entertaining Magazine, I beg you will be so kind as let my representation meet his eye, through his favourite vehicle, in which it may probably give but little offence. Anxious to reduce all my visitors of this description, and likely to trouble you again upon the same subject, I beg to include myself amongst your friends.

CLYTUS.

THEATRICALS.

HEARTS OF OAK.

Drury Lane.

THIS Comedy, written by Mr. Allingham, was brought out at this theatre, on Saturday November 19. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ardent	Mr. Dowton.
Dorland	Mr. Pope.
Ten per Cent	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Edward	Mr. De Camp.
Philip	Mr. Holland.
Joe	Mr. Collins.
Brien O'Braddeley	Mr. Johnstone.
Gerald	Mr. Cooke.
Eliza	Mrs. Powell.
Laura	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Fanny	Mrs. Harlowe.
Mrs. O'Braddeley	Mrs. Sparks.

Brien O'Braddeley, an Irishman, residing in a cottage, has for seventeen years given protection to a lady, whom he found under circumstances of the greatest distress. O'Braddeley himself growing old, and reduced by misfortune, has just had a favourite lamb killed, to prevent Eliza, the lady he protects, from observing the deplorable state of his affairs. At the moment when O'Braddeley is lamenting over the lamb, Eliza arrives with a basket of provisions. O'Braddeley observing that she has parted with a miniature picture which she used to wear, he immediately leaves her, declaring he will have the picture again. Having traced the picture into the hands of Mr. Ardent, O'Braddeley goes to his house, and insists upon seeing him. Ardent, a passionate, but good-natured man, refuses O'Braddeley at first, but hearing him declare he will give all that he is possessed of in the world to recover the picture for the lady it belongs to,

to, he desires to be informed why he, O'Braddeley, is so interested about it, declaring it is a likeness of a friend of his. O'Braddeley tells Ardent that it belongs to a lady in his house. Ardent gives O'Braddeley the picture, and insists on going that moment to see the lady. Ardent discovers in Eliza the wife of his friend Dorland, and the mother of a girl whom he, Ardent, has, by the desire of Dorland, brought up as his own daughter. Dorland, after an absence of seventeen years, during which time he has been in India, arrives at the village in which the scene is, and goes to see his friend Ardent. Ardent, as soon as he recognises him, upbraids him with his inhuman conduct. Dorland is much agitated, and hints at the infidelity of his wife as the cause of his apparent cruelty. Ardent, however, contrives to bring Dorland and Eliza together, and then desires Eliza, who does not know Dorland, he being dressed in the eastern style, to relate the circumstances under which she lost her husband. Eliza complies, and, in the course of her narrative, thoroughly convinces Dorland that he has deserted her without a cause. He makes himself known to her, and claims her forgiveness; they are reconciled, and in course all parties made happy. This should rather be called the ground of the plot, which branches out in such a manner as to introduce various other characters, upon whom the interest and comic humour of the piece depend.

In the present drama the pathetic predominates, in which there was certainly much to admire, and nothing to which the most fastidious critic could object. The diction is elegant, the coloquy neat, and the character of Ardent is drawn with a bold and nervous pen. It was sustained throughout by Dowton with great feeling, energy, and effect. Mrs. Powell, in Eliza, a character strongly marked by deep distress, approaching to a fixed melancholy, exercised her talents in a manner that touched the master-strings of the heart; and Pope, in the part of Dorland, rendered the serious part of the play complete. The interest throughout was well preserved; the attention of the audience was quickly arrested, and the spectators participated in the distress of the scene, in a manner that augured well of the final success of the play. In the comic part, however, the juvenile mind of the author made some excursive and bold flights, on which the frown of sober criticism lowered. The part allotted to Bannister was not relished by the locusts of Duke's-place, who mistook the character of a ridiculous bargain-hunter for a monopolizer of good things, to the exclusion of the brotherhood; but the rich vein of humour, with which old Ten per Cent. was pourtrayed, soon triumphed over prejudice. Johnstone, the never-failing representative of an Hibernian, was admirable in Brien O'-Braddeley; and if his feast of lamb was not so profuse, it would not have been relished less by the audience. His humour is always exquisite; and the happy idea, that old Ardent appeared to him to be "a good man turned inside out," was delivered with peculiar *naivette*, and consecrated as a good thing by the universal suffrage of the audience. Mrs. H. Johnston, in the interesting little part of Laura, was uncommonly felicitous; and Collins, in Joe, evinced that he was entitled to that public favour with which he was greeted on his entrance. Every performer shewed an honest zeal in support of the piece, and did every justice to the comedy which the author could have wished.

Bannister, on coming forward to give

give out the comedy for a second representation, was interrupted by some persons; but the liberal and judicious triumphed, and the piece was given out for a second representation on Monday night.

The prologue was well delivered by De Camp; and epilogue, which is an eloquent and patriotic effusion —for which see our poetical department—was delivered with great animation by Mrs. Ansell; and the curtain dropped, accompanied by the acclamations of the audience.

THE CARAVAN, AND THE DOG CARLO.

Drury Lane, December 5.

THIS entertainment of a novel description, attracted last night an uncommonly numerous audience. It comes from the fertile pen of Mr. Reynolds. So many various reports had been circulated respecting the feats to be performed by a dog, that much curiosity was excited, and a variety of opinions as to the execution of the canine performer kept the mind in a pleasing state of suspence. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Marquis of Calatrava	Mr. H. Johnston.
Don Gomez	Mr. Dowton.
Count Navarro	Mr. Holland.
Blabbo	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Arabbo	Mr. Dignum.
Julio	Master West.
Roderigo	Mr. Fisher.
Pedro	Mr. Madocks.
Lopez	Mr. Webb.
Ferdinand	Mr. Male.
Guzman	Mr. Rhodes.
Officer	Mr. Evans.
Pirates	Mr. Burrows. Mr. Gibbons.
The Marchioness of Calatrava	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Rosa	Miss De Camp.

Scene, Barcelona, and the Country around.

She story on which this interesting exhibition is founded, consists of a caravan setting off from Madrid and arriving at Barcelona, with the Marquis of Calatrava, a state prisoner, whom the Governor is ordered to destroy in case he should not be starved before his arrival; but on the road he has been relieved by Blabbo, the driver of the caravan, who supplies him with the provision intended for himself and his dog Carlo. The Marchioness, whose personal charms have been the occasion of her husband's confinement, follows him with her son Julio, and her maid Rosa.—With the assistance of Blabbo, they effect the escape of the Marquis by a ladder of ropes; but, at the sea shore, he is again seized and conveyed on board a fire-ship, which at a given signal is to be blown up. The Marchioness is threatened, that if she will not submit to the desires of the Regent, her child shall be torn from her and thrown into the sea. She hesitates, but at last refuses. The explosion is heard, the Marchioness falls on the ground, and her child is precipitated from a rock into the foaming waves. At this momentuous crisis, when every bosom sympathizes with the pangs of maternal agony, the voice of the caravan driver is heard vociferating, "Carlo! Carlo!" A fine Newfoundland dog rushes forward, leaps from the rock, seizes the infant, and brings it safely to land! The Marquis has also been liberated previous to the blowing up of the fire-ship; and the piece concludes with the hope that, after the exploit of Carlo, the audience will not give either the driver of the caravan, or his dog, a bad name.

Thecaravan has been got up with the most laudable liberality.

The scenes are grand and picturesque; and the music is highly creditable

creditable to the taste and originality of Mr. Reeve.

Bannister performed the honest Driver in his very best manner; De Camp, as a Spanish girl, sung a dancing song, accompanied by castanets, so enchantingly as to command a universal encore; Dowton, in the Governor, was extremely comic. Mrs. H. Johnston, displayed her admirable talents with great effect; but when H. Johnston was discovered in the caravan, his voice and action strongly reminded us of Punch in the puppet-show.

There are two dogs in the performance, one of which is a mastiff, dressed up so as to resemble a Newfoundland, and belonging to Mr. Bannister, and another of the true species which takes the leap, but could never be brought to endure the blaze of an illuminated theatre; whereupon it was happily remarked, that though he was partial to *liver*, he had an antipathy to *lights*.

A very copious supply of water was produced from the reservoir, which, at the conclusion, trickled down the stage in so many rills, that the house was literally *overflowing*.

The Caravan will, we have no doubt, prove extremely profitable to the treasury. It was announced without a dissenting voice for the next evening, by Bannister, attended by his dog, and has continued in a repetition of representations ever since.

The piece has appeared in print, with a vignette exhibiting the trusty dog Carlo just in the act of darting after the child: and such has been the interchange of wit and humour in the public papers, by various writers, who have personated the dog and his opponents, that at present we have to regret the want of room for a specimen of them for the amusement of our readers.

THE ENGLISH FLEET.

A NEW OPERA.

Covent Garden.

ON Tuesday evening, December 13, was brought forward, a new Opera, called the English Fleet, in 1342. The characters were as follow:—

De Mountfort, Count of Britany	Mr. Hill.
John De Mountfort, his son	Master Benson.
Philip	Mr. Blanchard.
Valentine	Mr. Braham.
Capt. Fitzwater	Mr. Incledon.
Mainmast	Mr. Munden.
Charles, Count of Blois	Mr. Claremont.
Jane, Countess of Brittany	Mrs. Glover.
Adela, Countess of Blois	Mrs. Humphries
Jeannetta, wife to Philip	Mrs. Davenport
Katharine, wife to Valentine	Signora Storace.
Isabel, daughter to Jeannetta	Mrs. Atkins.

Fable.—In the year 1341-2, a civil war broke out in France, on account of the disputes between Charles of Blois, and John De Mountfort, relative to the respective claims to the Province of Brittany; at this juncture, Jane of Flanders, Countess of Mountfort, the most extraordinary woman of the age she lived in, roused by the captivity of her husband, who was made prisoner by the French interest, left those domestic cares to which she had hitherto limited her genius, and courageously undertook to support the falling fortunes of her family. She assembled her friends, and carrying her infant son with her, deplored to them the calamity of their sovereign; entreated them to make one effort against an usurper, who, being imposed on them by the arms of France, would, in return,

make a sacrifice to his protector, of the liberties of Brittany. She then shut herself up in the fortress of Hennebonne, where she was besieged by Charles of Blois, and defended herself with the utmost bravery, heading the sallies which were made, in person, until Charles, aided by French, Spaniards, and Genoese, had nearly forced her to sign a capitulation, which would have put an end to all her husband's claims; but, at the moment she was about to execute an agreement to cede to her enemy the whole Province of Brittany, an English fleet, long before expected, arrived in the harbour, in the year 1342, and forced the enemy to raise the siege. The second volume of Hume's England is more diffuse in the detail of particulars, from which the author has taken his outline. The characters which branch out from the original story, form the groundwork of the musical department of the opera.

The piece is from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, and the music, either composed or selected, by Mr. Braham. The scenery was very splendid and beautiful, particularly the concluding view of the sea, and "The English Fleet," which is one of the most striking exhibitions that the stage has ever presented. The opera, throughout, was well received by a crowded house.

Since the first performance, it has received several curtailments, and is become so great a favourite with the town, that the house is every night flocked to, and filled with the utmost avidity by all descriptions of persons.

Mr. Braham has sold the music, in the above opera, for 1000 guineas.

Several of the songs which have peculiar merit, are to be found among the poetry of the present number.

PEDESTRIAN WAGER.

On Monday December 12, a match against time took place on the Greenwich road, for 100 guineas; and the bets depending exceeded L.300. A Mr. Mitchell, clerk to an attorney, undertook to walk four miles in thirty-five minutes. The parties concerned, met at the Elephant and Castle about half after ten o'clock in the morning, and at eleven Mr. Mitchell started, having first stripped off his coat and waistcoat. The first mile he performed within the given time with ease; but in the second he was obliged to exert himself; these two miles he walked in seventeen minutes and a half; the third in nine and a half; and the fourth in eight and a half. The time allowed being thirty-five minutes, he of course lost by half a minute. All bets depending on his head were consequently lost. Many knowing ones were taken in; but Mr. Bainton, of Shepherd's-market, netted about L.200. There were six umpires, four on foot, and two on horseback. Mr. Mitchell is about the middle size; he lost about three hundred guineas. After the match, a gentleman present offered to bet 100 guineas to 50, that he would walk the same distance in 30 minutes.

Belcher, Bourke, and many other pugilists were present. Some warm words arising between the two former, Belcher struck Bourke; the latter returned the blow, and they had then a regular set-to, when Belcher gave his opponent a knock-down blow. Bourke in consequence declined all further contest, declaring he did not come there to fight Belcher, but for the purpose of meeting the *Chicken*, with whom he had some business to settle. The parties afterwards dined together.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT
OF A
WONDERFUL EQUESTRIAN, AND WAR-HORSE.

Related by a Russian Nobleman.

I WAS at Count Przobossky's noble country-seat in Lithuania, and remained with the ladies at tea in the drawing-room, while the gentlemen were down in the yard, to see a young horse of blood, which was just arrived from the stud.

We suddenly heard a noise of distress. I hastened down stairs, and found the horse so unruly, that nobody durst approach or mount him. The most resolute horseman stood dismayed and aghast; despondency was expressed in every countenance; when, in one leap, I was on his back, took him by surprise, and worked him quite into gentleness and obedience, with the best display of horsemanship I was master of. Fully to shew this to the ladies, and to save them unnecessary trouble, I forced him to leap in at one of the windows of the tea-room, walked round several times, pace, trot, and gallop; and at last made him mount the tea-table, there to repeat his lessons in a pretty style of miniature, which was exceedingly pleasing to the ladies; for he performed them amazingly well, and did not break either cup or saucer. It placed me so high in their opinion, and so well in that of the noble lord, that with his usual politeness, he begged I would accept of this young horse, and ride him full career to conquest and honour, in the campaign against the Turks, which was soon to be opened, under the command of Count Munich.

I could not, indeed, have received a more agreeable present, nor a more ominous one at the opening of that campaign, in which I made my apprenticeship as a soldier.

We took the field, and had very hot work in the van of the army, when we drove the Turks into Oczakow. My spirited Lithuanian horse, had almost brought me into a scrape; I had an advanced forepost, and saw the enemy coming against me in a cloud of dust, which left me rather uncertain about their actual number and real intentions: to wrap myself up in a similar cloud was common prudence, but would not have much advanced my knowledge, or answered the end for which I had been sent out; therefore, I let my flankers on both wings spread to the right and left, and make what dust they could, and I myself led on straight upon the enemy, to have a nearer sight of them; in this I was gratified, for they stood and fought, till, for fear of my flankers, they began to move off rather disorderly. This was the moment to fall upon them with spirit; we broke them entirely, made a terrible havock amongst them, and drove them not only back to a walled town in their rear, but even through it, contrary to our sanguine expectation.

The swiftness of my Lithuanian horse, enabled me to be foremost in the pursuit; and seeing the enemy fairly flying through the opposite gate, I thought it would be prudent to stop in the market-place. I saw not one of my hussars about me! they are scouring the other streets, or what is become of them? They could not be far off, and must at all events, soon join me. In that state, I walked my panting Lithuanian to a spring in the market-place, and let him drink. He drank uncommonly, with an eagerness not to be satisfied, but natural enough; for when I looked round

for my men, what should I see gentlemen! the hind part of the poor creature's croup and legs were missing, as if he had been cut in two, and the water ran out as it came in, without refreshing him or doing him any good! How it could have happened was quite a mystery to me, till I returned with him to the town-gate. There I saw, that when I rushed in pell-mell with the flying enemy, they had dropped the portcullis, unperceived by me, which had totally cut off his hind parts, that still lay quivering on the outside of the gate. It would have been an irreparable loss, had not our farrier contrived to bring both parts together while hot. He sewed them up with young sprigs and shoots of laurel, that were at hand. The wound healed, and what could not have happened but to so glorious a horse, the sprigs took root in his body, grew up, and formed a bower over me; so that afterwards I could go upon many other expeditions in the shade of my own and my horse's laurels.

If any gentleman will say, he doubts the truth of the story, I will fine him a gallon of brandy, and make him drink it at one draught.

HORSE ON TRAVEL.

From a Design of Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham. Etched by Bell.

THIS Etching, is from a fancied design of the above-named Mr. Tomson; and is characteristic of a Running Horse, on his way to Newmarket races. There is a minutia in the body cloaths, &c. &c. worthy attention: and the whole conveys a truly accurate delineation of what is meant by the design and engraving.

MONASTIC SPORTSMEN, MUMMERY, &c.

THE following notice of the Monks of Erbach, appears in Render's Tour through Germany:—"I am inadequate to the task of describing as I could wish the life of poverty, as it is called, which the monks lead in this convent. It is the richest in all Germany; and the travellers who visit it are astonished at the princely and luxurious life of its inhabitants. They have an excellent pack of hounds, with a stable of fine hunters; apartments magnificently furnished; a dozen of beautiful singing girls; and their wine-cellar excites the utmost astonishment. A coach and four might easily drive round in the cellar, and turn in it with the greatest facility. The number of large full casks is really amazing, each being about seventeen or eighteen feet in height. They have six fine billiard tables, which are contained in three large rooms; and, besides all this, an excellent band of musicians. Their hospitality towards foreigners and strangers is surprising; and a traveller scarcely meets with such a reception in any other part of the globe. I call them fat monks, there being very few among them who do not weigh sixteen or eighteen stone, and several even exceed that. But it is at the same time equally surprising, how they keep the common people in ignorance. One instance shall suffice for the many which I saw. Before the dinner was served, to which we were invited by the Prelate, we had sufficient time to take a walk in an adjacent wood, where the monks pretend to work miracles, and to which thousands of the people of distant Roman Catholic countries make pilgrimages annually. The palace in the wood where these miracles

Clifton Tomson, Pinx.t Bell, Sculp.t

Horse on Travel.

racles are wrought, is called *Hulfe Gotters*, i. e. "God's Help,"—it ought to be called a place for deception and blasphemy. According to the legend, a small wooden crucifix of the Saviour was carelessly stuck in a hollow tree, where it remained for a long time, crying, "God help me! God help me!" At length a friar came, and removed the cause of the piteous exclamation; since which, the crucifix has performed innumerable miracles. Every pilgrim who pays a visit to it is obliged to bestow some donation; as a compensation for which, he receives some picture or relique from the monks; by which means they accumulate a very large annual revenue. On our return, dinner was served. It consisted of two courses, each of about 32 covers; and a dessert, served up in a princely style. Every monk at Erbach, has four bottles of the best wine for his daily allowance to drink *ad libitum*. Before we set off for Geisenheim, the Prelate shewed us his private stables, magnificent carriages, and pack of hounds; it is not in my power to describe the luxurious life of these debauched hypocrites, suffice it to say, there are few princes able to vie with them."

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING been a constant reader of your Magazine since its commencement, I was much pleased with a collection, of what you termed, *The Chronicle of Eccentricities*, in one of your former volumes. To the Sporting Magazine, I have not only been in the habit of looking for a record of every singular and important decision in law, respecting gaming, gallantry, &c. but, in many other points of view, I have also found it, a pleasing and entertaining mirror of mirth, enterprize, and adventure. If my recollection does not fail me, your former Chronicle of Eccentricities took notice of such circumstances; which, though they did not strictly belong either to the Sporting Intelligence, or Feast of Wit, were nevertheless remarkable for some peculiarity, which rendered them striking or amusing. Upon that plan I have selected the following, from a variety of papers; and if you approve of the hint for their arrangement under the title I have adopted, I shall hope in future to see the article occasionally continued, in order that nothing may be lost to your numerous readers, among whom I subscribe myself, Yours, &c.

Dec. 10. *Collector*.

CHRONICLE OF ECCENTRICITIES.

A SINGULAR ESCAPE—About the middle of October last, at three o'clock in the morning, the following remarkable occurrence took place at Weldon-mill:—Two of Mr. Bolam's chaises returning from Morpeth, in Cumberland, where they had been late on the preceding evening, the foremost driver, water being scarce at home, took the head reins off his horses, and went into the river Coquet to water them. Not suspecting the river had been increased by the late heavy rains, he pushed forward, and with great difficulty gained the other side. The second driver being fast asleep in his chaise, the horses, which were left at liberty, followed the others into the stream; and the head reins not being taken off, the horses pushed on into deep water, in order to be enabled to drink; but the rapidity

rapidity of the stream completely overwhelmed them, and they were carried down the current with great impetuosity. The water rushing into the chaise, at length awakened the drowsy coachman, who, when he found the extent of his danger, vociferated with all his might for help. The preceding driver, who had never dreamt of such a disaster, immediately returned and awakened the neighbours, and they all ran down to the side of the river, to render what they conceived as hopeless assistance, from the rocky bottom and strength of the waters. To the great astonishment of every person, after they had proceeded full half-a-mile down the stream, the horses took the ground, and by wonderful exertion, and the fortunate circumstance of a watering-place for a neighbouring farmer's cattle being near the spot, they got to the edge of the bank, without either the man, horses, or chaise, receiving the least injury. What is additionally remarkable, had they proceeded only a few yards farther down the river, the steepness of the banks would have rendered every effort to save them abortive. Mr. Hanson, of Low Weldon, on whose farm the above incident occurred, and who had got up early on Wednesday morning, for the purpose of going to Morpeth market, on hearing a dreadful noise, and shouting of the people at the water-side, and seeing such an immense number of lights, immediately ran into the house and alarmed the family, assuring them that *the French had at length made good a landing!*

UNCOMMON APPETITES.

The keelmen, mechanics, and manufacturers, of the north, are said to be our chief amateurs of Bakewellian mutton — the true sea-calf and porpus kind, such as has neither flesh nor bone, but good solid substantial grease only—a loin of which, weighing twenty-two pounds, netted as follows: $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bone, $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of lean meat, and the remainder hard fat! The celebrated Mr. Cully has given the following anecdote: the keelmen's wives of Newcastle have long had a practice of dropping quarters of lamb, or joints of mutton, into the keels or barges, from off the bridge, as the keel passes below. One of the keelmen seeing his wife at the usual stand, cried, "drop, drop, damn you, drop—what are you about?" The wife replied, "the de'el choke thee, for that is the seventh joint this week." A joint of fat mutton per day, is a pretty good allowance for a man.

THE Mameluke Chief, at a dinner which he lately gave to a party of English officers, made some whimsical observations, through the medium of his interpreter, on many parts of our military dress. Among other customs, he expressed great surprise at one practised by our light dragoons—which was that of "cutting the hair off the tails of their horses, in order to fasten it on their own heads."

ON the 2d ultimo, Mr. Richard Taylor, yeoman, was convicted before Thomas Bruges, Esq. at Melksham, Wilts, and paid the fourth penalty for an offence against the game laws; each of them having been committed within 13 months, on Corsham manor, belonging to P. C. Methuen, Esq.

THE Lancaster Gazette states, that a plaice flook was taken a few days ago, by the line, at Blackpool, which weighed fifty-seven pounds, and measured four feet in length, and nearly three in breadth!!!

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A CHESHIRE waggoner, who had got together a little estate, seems to have displayed as much magnanimity as any hero of antiquity. Finding himself very ill, he sent for a clergyman and an attorney, who both came in at the same time, and found all his family weeping round his bed. The man of law having prepared his pen and ink, desired to know how he would choose to leave his property? The sick man having mustered up sufficient strength for this last effort, spoke as follows:—"The house, and all the sticks in it, to Mary my wife, as long as she lives, and then divided among the rest on 'em; the waggons and horses to Tom; the ploughs and cows to Dick, with half o' the farm; the other half, and a hundred pound, to Will. Three hundred pound to Moll; the same to Bet. And now, *write* lawyer, *pray* parson, *cry* wife, and *bellow* children; for *by the Lord I'm dying!*"

BON MOT.—It being observed that it was rather singular that a Scotchman, Lord Cathcart, should be sent as Commander in Chief to Ireland, and an Irishman, Lord Moira, in the same situation to Scotland, it was said in reply, that there was nothing very remarkable in this circumstance; for that "the Doctor had only put the labels on the wrong bottles!"

A QUAKER being lately brought before a Justice of the Peace, on account of some religious scruple, the magistrate, with a voice raised several keys above its usual tone, cried, "Well, I understand thou art a Quaker!" "I am," replied the friend; "and what hast thou to say against that?" The Justice, with his wonted sagacity, and forgetting the extensive meaning of the word ALL, observed—"I have only to say, that if ALL men were Quakers, Bonaparte might come and slaughter us as soon as he pleased." "Nay," answered the man of peace, "thou'rt mistaken, friend; for if ALL men were Quakers, then would Bonaparte be one also; and if he were, I am sure he would kill no man!"

THE deceased Count Bibb, one night at the Cyder Cellar, told a friend that he intended to leave twenty pounds to be spent at his funeral, which induced the other to ask him, if the money was to be spent going or returning? Bibb good-humouredly replied, "*Going*, to be sure; for when you *return*, *I sha'nt be with you.*"

A PROVINCIAL actor, in speaking lately before a convivial company of his several casts of character, particularized one as that in which he most excelled, and in which

which he drew down "peals, peals, repeated peals!" A gentleman present, no less remarkable for his social powers than for his acuteness at a pun, dryly observed, "Orange-peels, I presume, Sir."

A KEEPER of wild beasts the other day, at Salford fair, Manchester, amused his company, by shewing an old lion, a dog, and a monkey, with somewhat like the following words:—"Walk in, ladies; walk in. This is a noble old lion; we call him John Bull. Come a little nearer, ladies; he wont hurt you; he is remarkably gentle in his nature, unless he is injured. You see that little dog there lies with him, and he folds him in his paws, because he is faithful. Come, John, get up—get up, Sir—come, Sir—come, Sir—up I say. What! you wont till you're prick'd, wont you!—oh, oh!—I'll rouse you. Stand on one side, ladies; I'll rouse him. Here's a little monkey in this pen will soon tease him: we call this little gentleman *Boney*. Come, *Boney*, skip in and prick the old boy. Now, ladies, you'll see him rouse. Come, John, Master *Boney*'s close at your heels. Aye, now you begin to growl. There, ladies; you see he has knocked little *Boney* down with one swing of his tail; and now that he shakes his shaggy mane, and puts on his terrible countenance, you see that little *Boney*'s soon off—back again, chattering to him at a distance."

CHARLES BANNISTER still retains that quickness of repartee which has so long endeared him to the circles of conviviality. Being lately challenged by an eminent *butcher* to play for a guinea at *put*—a game in which the *three* has a decided advantage—Charles jocosely answered, "What! play with you? No! no!—a *butcher* is never without his *tray*."

AN Irish colonel of a volunteer corps, who has long been a confirmed old *bachelor*, excites much pleasantry by haranguing his men: "Gentlemen, we are all assembled here this day to defend our *wives* and our *children*!"

A MAN, after catching a *hare*, and walking off with it, was asked, by a gentleman—"Is that your own hare?" "To be sure it is; d—e do you think I wear a wig!"

AN *ejectment* cause we understand is going on, called *Pitt* v. *Addington*, or *Thrustout* v. *Holdfast*.

A FELLOW who was lately hung, when measured for his coffin, told the undertaker not to look so *grave*. "Don't be alarmed, man," said he, "I shall never find fault with the *fitting*."

A DUBLIN paper of a late date has an advertisement in the following terms:—"A gentleman who wishes to devote his time to business *from twelve o'clock each day until ten o'clock each morning*, would engage with a merchant," &c.

IN the county of Norfolk, for the last week, an epidemical *sore throat* has been extremely prevalent, and fatal to some thousands, who have been thus carried off in the prime of life. Its effects have been chiefly confined to *turkies and other poultry*, who are extremely apt to be so affected, about this time of the year, in most parts of England.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A FEW days ago two greyhounds, in close pursuit of a hare, fell, together with the timid animal, down the lofty precipice of Offham chalk pit. One of the dogs was instantly killed by the fall, and the hare and the other greyhound were both stunned; but, after lying a second or two in that state, puss and her staunch pursuer, got up as if by agreement, and set off anew; but the hare having received more considerable injury than the hound, the renewed course proved a very short one, the dog catching her before she had well cleared the chalk pit.

A Sea Eagle, the Falco Ossifragus of Linnæus, was lately shot near Eltringham, on the banks of the Tyne. It weighed 7¾lb. and measured in length, from the tip of the beak to the end of the tail, above a yard; and, from tip to tip of the wings, better than seven feet.

Another dreadful accident by a gun. Mr. John Groves, of Look Farm, near Bridport, was lately shooting rabbits, in company with Mr. Jonathan Luckham and a boy. Mr. L. had shot at one, and, in the act of searching for it, the gun of Mr. Groves accidentally went off, lodging the whole contents in Mr. Luckham's breast, who expired within an hour, on the spot. Nothing can exceed the distress of the unfortunate survivor, who is nearly related to the deceased, being both his uncle and brother-in-law, Mr. Luckham having lately married Mrs. Groves's sister, a Miss Kellaway. They resided together.

On the 17th ult. near Douglas, Lanarkshire, as a lad about fifteen years of age, was going to shoot pigeons, a girl about nine threatened to inform against him; upon which he turned round, and the gun by some accident went off, and shot her dead on the spot.

At Brighton, the military gentlemen have lately indulged in the diversion of pigeon-shooting. Out of six dozen of these birds exposed to the well-directed fire of these sharp shooters, on Church Down, as they were severally permitted to escape from a cavity in the turf, hollowed for that purpose, but very few escaped with life. Lord Pelham, and others of rank, were present as spectators, and, but for the indiscriminate shots of the rabble, would have more highly enjoyed the amusement of the day. The sport at an end, the *gens de guerre*, who had partaken of it, among whom were the Hon. General Lennox, Major Sir Charles Burrell, the Hon. Capt. Capel, Captains Burrell, Mellish, Newberry, Philby, Adjutant Whicher, &c. repaired to the Old Ship, where an elegant dinner was provided.

A shooting match, of rather a singular nature, was lately decided at Brighton. Ensign Burrows, of the Sussex Militia, betted with Lieutenant

Lieutenant Otto, of the same regiment, a guinea a shot, that he missed not striking a small apple, which he was to cast from his own hand, with his fowling-piece, before it reached the ground. He discharged twenty-four rounds, the number agreed upon, in the manner specified, of which three only failed in effect. The result was therefore a gain of eighteen guineas on the part of the Ensign.

On Wednesday the 7th instant, a gold medal, value fifty guineas, was shot for by a part of the Duke of Cumberland's Sharp Shooters.—This trial of skill took place at Chalk Farm, by about twenty of the members. The object was a man target, being a more difficult one to hit than a common target. Eleven fired, and every ball entered the object. The best shot was thrown in by Lieutenant Horton, but the prize was determined in favour of Mr. Allingham, of Berwick-street, Soho, who put in five shots out of the six he fired.—Mr. Spencer, of the Garrick's Head, Bow-street, gave the medal.

One night in the beginning of this month, the Earl of Carlisle's gamekeepers, with other assistants, being out watching the woods belonging to his Lordship, they heard some guns fired in a wood called Wathwood, about twelve o'clock, on which they immediately repaired to the place from whence they heard the report, where they separated in different directions, with a view the more effectually to detect the poachers. When they approached the wood, J. Harrison, an under-keeper belonging to his Lordship, seeing two men fire at pheasants, he attempted to get over a hedge into the wood to detect them; and, during the time he was getting over the fence, one of the men, without speaking a word, fired a loaded gun at him, within the distance of ten yards. Fortunately, from his position, much of the contents of the gun went into his knee; notwithstanding which, many shot penetrated his body and thigh, and he cannot yet be pronounced out of danger. The offenders immediately fled; but being pursued by his Lordship's servants, one of them only, the night being thick and rather dark, was taken by John Jefferson, another of his Lordship's keepers, after a violent struggle and contest, of upwards of a quarter of an hour. The man detected, James Carr of Malton, proves to be the person who shot at Harrison, and he has made known his accomplices, viz. John Nicholson of Welburn, John Wait of Bulmer, and Joseph Wait of Slingsby; all of whom have been secured, and committed to York Castle, to take their trial at the ensuing Lent Assizes.

Pedestrian race.—A few days ago Lord Charles Somerset, of the 4th Dragoons, and Mr. Archibald Monro, of the North Hants Militia, ran a given distance on the Level, near Brighton, for L. 40, which was won by Lord Charles, owing principally to the exercise he had previously taken, the better to qualify himself for the exertion of the day.

Two persons, whose joint ages made up 133 years, lately ran a race of a hundred yards, which was won by the eldest, whose age is seventy-three years. This is not so great a wonder as people may think, when it is considered that "his race was nearly run," when his companion started.

A MOMENT'S CONSIDERATION FOR CARD-PLAYERS.

A gentleman having in his hand the ace, queen, and knave of trumps, and a small one, was desirous of knowing,

knowing, after the game was ended, which of the trumps he ought to have played first; and on appealing to the company, he received as many answers as he held cards, some preferring one of them, and some another. Being thus left as much in doubt as ever, he will feel himself obliged if any of your ingenious correspondents, to whom the subject is familiar, will have the goodness to decide the question for him.

THE Mamelukes, while here, amused themselves most part of the morning in playing Chess, a game in which they particularly excel.

THERE is a female Nimrod, of the name of Duffell, who constantly hunts with the King's stag-hounds; and, being the best *flying leaper* of the field, is generally in at the head of the yeomen prickers when the stag is taken.

IT is to the Marquis of Exeter that the Public are indebted for the singular discovery that swans preserve ponds free from weeds. At Burghley, there is a pond about a mile in length, which used to be so over-run with weeds, that three men were employed constantly for six months in every year to keep them under. About seven years ago the Marquis put two pair of swans on the water. They completely cleared away the weeds the first year, and none have since appeared, as the swans eat them before they rise to the surface. In the low countries, swans are kept for the same purpose.

WHEN Elfi Bey dined with the Prince of Wales, he was shown the armoury of his Royal Highness, and passed some time in examining its contents. He tried the weight of the more ancient European instruments, and endeavoured to estimate their degrees of utility. He was much gratified by the sight of the Asiatic weapons, especially the choice collection of scimitars. As he was viewing these, and had half drawn one from the scabbard, he suddenly threw it down, seemed to experience a strong emotion, and leaned on the arm of one of the company. When the cause was inquired into, it was found that this was the scimitar of his great patron, Mourad Bey. He knew it instantly on drawing it, for he had often had the care of it, when a boy. The Prince, in the most gracious manner, pressed him to accept it; but he refused the offer, saying, "very well, in cannot be in better hands."—On his visit to the Tower, Elfi Bey was shewn the manner of proving sabres, which is done by striking them as hard as possible, first on the two flat sides, upon a kind of table, and then with the edge and back on a block. He approved the method, but seemed to doubt the strength of the person employed. Being desired to prove a blade for his own use, he bared his muscular arm to the elbow, made a large circle for himself by signs, and struck it four several times, with a force which astonished most of the company.—He put it to more than the usual proof, by bringing the part nearest the hilt down upon the table and block. The second that was presented, perfectly satisfied him. In the first he discovered a slight flaw by his eye, and would not try it.—After passing through the whole armoury, he was entertained with a cold collation at the Governor's house.

IN consequence of an information laid before Mr. Bond, that a number of persons nightly assembled at a house in Liecester-street, for the purpose of playing at Hazard and other unlawful games, a warrant

rant was issued by that magistrate to search the house, and on Monday the 19th instant, Donaldson, a constable, with a number of patrols, went there about twelve o'clock, and took into custody four persons whom they found in a room on the first floor, where there was a table for hazard, and another for *rouge et noir*, which the officers seized and brought away. Next day the parties were examined before Mr. Bond and Sir W. Parsons, at Bow-street, and ordered to find bail for their good behaviour.

In Bingley's Animal Biography, is the following extraordinary instance of memory in a mastiff, related by M. D'Obsonville:—This dog which he had brought up in India from two months old, accompanied himself and a friend from Pondicherry to Bangalore, a distance of more than 300 leagues. "Our journey, he continues, occupied near three weeks, and we had to traverse plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and go along several bye-paths. The animal, which had certainly never been in that country before, lost us at Bangalore, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the house of Mr. Beylier, then commandant of artillery, my friend, and with whom I had generally lived. Now, the difficulty is not so much to know how the dog subsisted on the road, for he was very strong and able to procure himself food, but how he should have found his way after an interval of more than a month! This was an effort of memory greatly superior to that which the human race is capable of exerting."

Lord C——d, was lately called upon at Bow-street, to put in bail for his appearance at the Quarter Sessions, in consequence of some new *fracas*, in which the King's peace was set at defiance.—*Morning Herald*.

A discovery was a short time since made in Lincoln's-Inn, which is likely to excite much attention in Westminster Hall. A lady of distinction, it seems, either *forgetting herself*, or her way home, *strayed* with a learned gentleman into his chambers, and did not become sensible of her *mistake* until three o'clock the next morning. This curious affair has been referred for explanation to the neighbouring gentlemen of the long robe.—*Morning Herald*.

A few days ago, Mr. Hedgeland of Sommer's Town, brought before Mr. Justice Bond, at Bow-street, a jackass-driver, for wantonly beating his ass in Holborn. The magistrate sent the man on board the tender, and thanked Mr. H. for his exertions in bringing the man before him.

The Earl and Countess of Hardwick, had a most providential escape on Sunday the 12th instant. Coming to Dublin in the morning from the Vice-regal Lodge in the Phœnix Park, in their coach and six, the first four horses took fright, plunged and leaped over a paling; but happily a breakage took place, which disengaged the unruly animals from the carriage; two of their children were with their Excellencies; they received no hurt.

Garnerin, in his thirty-fifth ascent from Moscow, saw, for the first time, an image of his balloon formed in the clouds, in very bright prismatic colours. When at the height of 12,000 feet, he galvanized himself, and observed flashes of light. While hovering over a wood he was fired at by a huntsman, who with the peasants on seeing him descend from the clouds, considered him as supernatural.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EPILOGUE, TO HEARTS OF OAK.

WHAT—Hearts of Oak—and not one word of War,
The British Soldier, and the British Tar?
I told our Bard his scheme would never do;
How just his answer I submit to you.
Need we the Drama's art—he said—to shew
What every bosom feeling, all must know;
That ev'ry Seaman's, Soldier's, Briton's heart
Now burns to take his King's and Country's part:
That, in our soil, as the Oak rooted fast,
Mocks the vain tumult of the angry blast;
Or, proudly on the Ocean launch'd, defies
The elemental war of waves and skies:
So ev'ry breast, by manly firmness steel'd,
Braves the dread tempest of the martial field;
Laughs at the haughty Foe's exulting boast,
And courts the onset of Invasion's Host!
While urg'd by ev'ry tie of social life,
By Parent's, Children, Sisters, Mistress, Wife:
Watchful o'er rights, by deathless Patriots won,
Through ages handed down from sire to son..
Fir'd in their monarch's cause—his cause their own,
Each arm his bulwark, and each heart his throne!
One only wish pervades this happy land,
Swells each indignant breast—nerves every hand—
That yon proud Despot would himself explore
Our guardian Ocean and embattled Shore.
Blood-stain'd Ambition then should find his grave,
Stretch'd on our plains, or whelm'd beneath the wave!
Then, whether now the new-wrought Drama here,
From tales domestic, drew the smile or tear;
Or Nature's fav'rite Pupil's scene unfold
Of warlike fields by Britons won of old!
Still be the cheering title of our play
In every Heart the Order of the Day.

SONGS FROM THE ENGLISH FLEET.

DUET—MR. BRAHAM AND MR. INCLEDON.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his nightly round;
And,

And, should a footstep haply stray,
Where caution marks the guarded way,
"Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell."
"A friend," the word—"Good night, all's well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patroles the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well-known voice salutes his ear,
"What cheer ho! Brother quickly tell."
"Above — below — good night, all's well."

SONG.—Mr. Braham.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
As ever grac'd a martial story,
And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
She sigh'd for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story,
'Till war, their honest joys to blight,
Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,
Jane follow'd—fought—Ah, hapless story!
In man's attire, by Henry's side,
She died for love, and he for glory.

SONG IN THE CARAVAN.

ROSA.

OH! we merry little Spanish girls
Are ever free from woe;
We rattle and prattle wherever we go,
O'er the mountains so lofty,
Thro' the valleys so bright,
We trip it, and skip it,
From morning till night.

When we're courted by old men,
Our scorn we disclose,
But when lov'd by young and bold men,
"C'est toute autre chose."
We've a happy knack,
With our tick-a-tack,
Ting ting,
A ring, a ring.

EPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

UNDERNEATH this bending briar,
Interr'd by neither priest nor friar,
Here, honest Tim, you see
Wrapt up in everlasting sleep;
Melpomene, thou ne'er can'st weep
A worthier cur than he.

No sins had Tim of any sort;
His virtues might have grac'd a court;
He liv'd Matilda's pride:
And never fill'd with tears her eye,
Or caus'd her lovely breast to sigh,
Alas! but when he died,

SONNET, TO A DEAD JACK-ASS.

FAREWELL! thou amorous animal farewell!
Thy patience so much longer than thy ears,
None but a Yorick's tender pen could tell,
And call from Christian's eyes a flood of tears.

But what avail'd thy patience, or thine ears?
Of what the love-lorn notes thou once didst pour,
When as thy fav'rite pass'd, thou stood'st in gears,
Tied with a halter at my grannam's door?

O! as she pass'd how did'st thou raise thy tone,
And mighty proofs of love did'st thou reveal!
And sometimes thou would'st bray—and sometimes groan,
Expressive of the passion thou did'st feel!

Thou had'st more worth than Macedonia's King,
Than Julius Cæsar, or than Bonaparte:
The friend of man, and not his foe, I sing;
They drew a dagger, and you drew a cart.

Detested

Detested names! Oh, what a fatal three!
Thank Heaven, before thee two are gone
to dust:
The other soon, I hope, will follow thee;
For follow thee assuredly he must!

Yes! he must die, tho' Frenchmen cry
alas!
Thus falls the hero! and thus falls the
ass!

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THE magnanimity of those who have volunteered their services has been justly praised, and particular corps have had their own poets. I am sorry to observe, that the Corps of Lawyers, and those gentlemen whom the upper part of the profession has been pleased facetiously to call "the Rags of the Law," have not been celebrated as they ought to be. Now this is an injustice I do not approve. They are unquestionably deserving of a very high post; and I beg leave to pay the following humble tribute to their merits, in the shape of a Ballad, which I call

THE LAWYERS' DEFIANCE.

TO oppose Birds of Prey we take Birds
of a Feather:
To meet French chicane, here's the Law
altogether!
A more terrible band were ne'er muster'd
before,
For the humourists style us "the Devil's
own Corps."

If the French should "a latitat" choose
when they land,
We have still our old trick of "a capias"
at hand:
But should they more bold, take the
country at large,
What troops in the world are like us—
at "a charge?"

They tell us, for plunder they visit our
coast;
We trust on that score they'll have little
to boast;
For tho' in destruction they've always
been steady,
English property's safe;—we've secured
it already.

The French are ill cloth'd, and may
want our sheep's wool;
Leave the skin but for parchment—we'll
soon be skinfull:
And our uniform boasts this advantage
to boot,
E'en the wearers lament—there's no end
of "our suit."

Threats of shedding our blood may affright
us they think:
What are torrents of blood to—a bottle
of ink?
Well arm'd as they are, we're as terrible
still,
And one weapon we boast most tremendous—the
quill.

Let us treat then these French like our
clients—as sport,
And beg them to come, if they dare—
into court;
The costs will be theirs: while our boast
is and pride
That Englishmen still have the LAW on
their side.

I. O. U.

THE EXTINGUISHER.

A DIALOGUE.

P——.

A LACKEY knocks—"Is Mr. Lee
at home?"
"Yes, Sir."——His errand then he thus
makes known—
"My mistress, Sir, is main afeard of fire,
So I comes running here by her desire.
To her—she says—for sixpence late you
sold
A Snuffer, worth at least its weight in
gold;
So hopes in her distress you wont relinquish
her,
But send her as convenient—an Extinguisher.
She says, more toilsome sometimes it has
been,
To put a candle out than put it in.
The little Farthing Rushlight's an example,
And, as a case in point, is full and
ample.

The

The master, mistress, maid, all spent their wind;
Some puff'd before; some, they say, puff'd behind;
Nor did the taper small their puffs redoubt,
For all their puffing could not puff it out.
At length they call'd the watch, who set his foot on,
And hapless Rushy lay as dead as mutton.
But then the slaughter'd light, with tallow gore
Distain'd, O hateful sight! the polish'd floor.
Eager to steer clear from so dire mishap,
She craves you'll for her candle send a cap,
To wear o' nights, then take it off at morn;
No matter whether made of brass or horn."——
"Your lady," I reply'd, "delights in fun;
My best respects—the business shall be done."

S——.

"*Sapienti*, says the adage, *verbum sat*—
Shrewdly I guess at what you would be at.
With pen for flail once more I'll thrash my brain,
But fear you'll find much chaff and little grain.
Extinguishers of various sorts you'll find,
Amongst the motley group of human kind,
Renardo plays, but then he cogs the dice,
And ruins honest Playfair in a trice;
Himself in gaol, his fortune put to rout,
Renard's the Extinguisher that puts him out.
Calista, blest with more than mortal charms,
Inveigles gay Lothario to her arms;
Her husband—trick that practis'd is too common—
Just in the nick of time comes pop upon 'em;
He swears, he rants, his peace of mind's destroy'd;
The means the law admits must be employ'd.
Erskine, in flow'r of speech so energetic,
Depicts the crime in terms so sympathetic,
The jury join in one congenial groan,
—For each conceives the case may be his own—
With common voice they give Ten Thousand Pound—
Lothario sickens at the dreadful sound.
'Twill granted be, by all who are distinguishers,
Calista and her mate are both Extinguishers.

A party meet to sip their social tea,
Enjoy their chit chat, jest, and repartee;
Sir Dismal enters, fill'd with false alarms,
Croaking, in plaintiff note, ten thousand harms.
The game is up! the French are safely landed!
Our fleet, some sunk, some taken, and some stranded!
Expected in two hours they'll reach London!
The king, queen, prince, and all their subjects undone!
Down drops the tea cup from each female hand,
Not so the males—Let's save, they cry, the land!
Muster, they cry, impell'd by martial rage,
Muster each arm that's not unstrung by age!
While yet one Briton lives, no Frenchman vile,
Shall with impunity insult our Isle!
They all assemble, quick, at beat of drum—
Dismal was quizz'd—it all turns out a hum!
But should 'Squire Boney, with his num'rous host,
Obtain a footing on Britannia's coast,
He to his cost must very soon relinquish her:
Each Briton then would act as an Extinguisher.